THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, 44 AND 46 ANN STREET. NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 12.

YOUNG ADELAIDE.

BY GEORGE B. PRENTICE

When trees rustle loudest and cold
With the winds, and hearts are coldest of both,
And sleeps—ah, sleeps—the world most
To blow there with her little feet,
And kiss the warm and kisses wake
Their fairy tones on strum and lake,
I love to stray our hill and glade
And think of thee, young Adelaide.

And when the birds at evening fill
Their gleaming wings of blue and gold,
And white mists in the starlight gleam
Floating with motion soft as thine,
And night is her strongest beauty wears
With thy dark hair and starry eyes,
I love to stray our vale and lea,
And think, young Adelaide, of thee.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;
OR,
PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EDMUND BENNETT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARING TO RESCUE.

When all had again become still without, Blanche Bertrand, at the request of Pauline Fairfax, again made her appearance, to take part in a consultation which an acutely concerned few as way of the citizens.

"It is unnecessary for you to repeat what has passed between you and the grizzly villain," she said to Eugene, "for I have heard and understood all."

"And did you join hour what I said, too?" inquired Seth.

"I do not remember of having heard you speak, except in a low tone, as if addressing Mr. Fairfax," replied Blanche, with polite dignity; "and to that of course I did not listen, not supposing it concerned me in any degree."

"Well," said Seth, "it did concern you, Miss Bertrand; but I didn't speak very loud, now. I didn't want the skulking brutes out that to hear: and well how to be standing fearful what we said, now, or else that white nigger rummage it get back of me and kill us all in a heap."

"Which I much fear it is, Seth, let our fates be either low or high!" returned Eugene, gloomily. "For my own part," he pursued, "I think taking everything into consideration, it would be folly for us not to make a peaceful surrender. It is possible we may receive no better treatment from our captors therefor; but the probabilities are that we shall; for my what we will of the Indians they are human, and have human passions; and the less the evil of their passion is raised, the better, it seems to me, it must be for those who fall into their hands."

"I am of the same opinion," said Blanche. "If I could see a bare possibility of ultimate escape—any chance whatever, however small, of holding out against our enemies until relief could come in any shape—I should be the last to counsel a surrender; and even if our whole party were here, there would be some little room for consideration; but as it is, what are two men armed against some forty or fifty armed and hostile savages? There are five of us in number, it is true, but only two to be depended upon in a struggle with our foes; and all are imprisoned in a log house, which is already so secured in a crack that there is no possibility of its footing off! The enemy has made no regular assault as yet, and yet our little garrison has become wounded our half; and only think how certain our fate must be, if we attempt to defend ourselves in the broad light of day, when it will become so easy a matter for our foes to creep or burn their way to us, and cover each assailing party with so many rifles that the first who ventures to expose them must meet a certain death!"

"Well," resumed Seth, a little testily, "if you've got it all laid out your own way, and want to go in without ever fight and no bones broke, just do it, and I'll lay low and say nothing more about it."

"Do you know any better plan, Seth?—if so, speak out!" said Eugene.

"Well, I kind of thought I did know so'thing better a spell ago; and I kind o' thought I was going to speak about it, too; but if you've got it all settled, it looks like it mought be wisdom in me to keep my mouth shut."

"Come! come!" rejoined Eugene, rather quickly; "there is no necessity for such remarks. You know very well we have settled upon nothing—only expressed an opinion; and if you can show us anything better, at once, I shall be the first to converse with the party without, we are now prepared to listen to and act upon it."

"Well," said Seth, looking carefully around him, and dropping his voice to a whisper, "we can't find away in this here hut, that's a pinhed fast; and so what d'ye say, Cap'n, to trying to git off in another way?"

"Eh! what do you mean?" demanded Eugene, with a start.

"We're up a creek, ain't we?"

"I believe so. Well?"

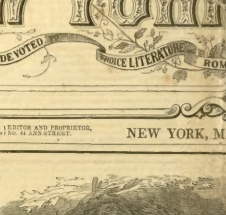
"Load close to, on both sides o' us, hey?"

"Doubtless!" returned Eugene, not catching hopefully at some idea which he did not fully comprehend. "Well, Seth? well?"

"Then what d'ye say, Cap'n, some you don't think it's no use to fight, to kind o' scout out and sneak off like?"

"But you forget that we are surrounded by a large body of Indians."

"No, I don't, Cap'n—for Seth Harper ain't one



ON THE WATCH.

o them as ever forget them that ugly mugs in his fith. But this here ain't the fast time I've been amongst the varmints; and so I know nothing tells 'bout that ways, I reckon the thing mought be did—beatways, if the war's nobody but me, you, and Miss Blanche, thar, to do it—though pulling in the niggers looks mighty dubious, now they've jest as good as blunder and hollered to sarcy worse brutes."

"But what do you propose? Speak out, give us your whole plan!"

"Why, just this," continued Seth, still maintaining his cautious whisper: "You know the here dog kivers the west, and west, so's nothing can be send us what?"

"Yes! I know! go on!"

"Well, the Injuns think they've got us tight here; and not thinking, of course, that we'll be smart enough to try and git away when the best cock, they'll rather not have nobody to watch the best; like, or else it'll be one or two sleepy brutes that won't good for much else; and long afore daylight, it's like they'll ryther fall asleep, or put themselves out of the way o' being useful; and then, as I said afore, of we can make out, it mought pay to fool round for the little best, with which it's like they have got us here, and if we happen to find it, we mought drop down to the Ohio, and leave 'em our boys and our blankets, and take our scalps with us. D'ye understand?"

"I do! and it seems worth the trial!" answered Eugene, turning quickly to Blanche, who nodded approval. "But suppose," he instantly added, "that we should not find any boats?"

"Then," replied Seth, "our chances wouldn't be no good; but we could still try it, and swim over the land, and the Lord he only knows what mought turn up."

"But suppose again—as it is not improbable the Indians have an armed force/were at to completely inclose us—that we should chance to run against some of them?"

"Then," said Seth, "I mought be all day with us—or rayther all night, bare that ar's no day out thar, no how; I p'r'aps mought be all over with, and then agin it mought'n; for we've got arms as well as them, and I reckon as well in the dark as they can; and it's like we mought bunker our way through, and some on us git away, any how."

"What do you think of this plan, Miss Blanche?" inquired Eugene, turning to his fair companion.

"I think that anything that promises hope of deliverance from our present perilsshould be tried," she replied. "Even at the worst, suppose we should be taken, I cannot see that our position would be much altered from what it will be if we remain where we are. The greatest danger, it appears to me, is in coming to a conclusion to do nothing, either on our first attempt to leave the hut or afterward; still, with the hope of escape now before me, I am ready to make the trial at any hazard."

"Then," said Eugene, starting suddenly to his feet, and rendered somewhat nervous by the intense excitement under which he was laboring, from the bare hope of saving Blanche, "it shall be tried, at the very earliest moment that our more experienced companion say think it advisable!

"But there is still another matter," he pursued, "which has struck me as being worthy of the most serious consideration—and that is our liquor—of which we have about the dog!" inquired Eugene: "and we better fasten it or not?"

"That that's about which and rather, Cap'n," answered Seth. "If you fasten it, I can't git in without some noise; and if you don't, the Injuns can."

"I think it will be as well, everything considered, for us to remain where we are, and let the door be open," said Eugene; "for if your attempt to trace out a pathway for us should not prove successful, we shall have no hope of escape, and the Indians may as well come in at our door as anywhere, but make them so angry with us as to bring about the most trade consequences. In other view of the case, there would a great evil, and it is of course my wish to discuss the least of the two."

"I really do not know what to advise," said Blanche.

"Well, it's my notion," said Seth, "that we'd best let the liquor stand what it are, and I'll tell you my reasons for thinking so."

"Proceed, then, my friend," said Eugene, altogether abandoned the idea of destroying any portion of it.

"The important matter being thus finally disposed of," said the young commander, "let us now give our whole thought to the great event before us, prepare for it with all due caution, and pray God to aid and sustain us through the fearful undertaking!"

He then called up the frightened blacks; and hurriedly briefly explained to them exactly how matters stood—and warned them of the terrible doom that would certainly follow, should they out, under any and all circumstances, either recklessly forwards or otherwise, assume the most perfect and rigid silence—he proceeded to arm all parties with knives, to be used only in the last resort. Except his own pistol, which he concealed under his coat about his person, he placed the last of the arms he should be liable—as the danger to be risked, by an accidental or lightning discharge, it was thought would more than counterbalance any good which might result from their possession.

When everything was at length as well arranged for the momentous crisis in the fate of all as more human foresight could provide, Eugene, Fairfax, etc took their seats in silence, to pass the interval of waiting in such reflections and communings as the nature of the circumstances and the nature of each individual's character might suggest. Full an hour after minute then passed slowly, silently, and solemnly away, scarcely a word being exchanged, and only in whispers, and not a single sound breaking the awful stillness which reigned without.

At last, Seth Harper—to whom all looked as the one most capable of judging—said that, to some considerable time, had been sitting bent over, unconsciously playing with the hands of his hunting-knife—deliberately rose to his feet and cautiously glided to the door.

"Has the time come for us to make the fearful venture?" whispered Eugene.

"If I can be done at all, I 'spect the best time to try it is' now," answered Seth.

He had not one of us to help go first, and endeavor to ascertain something of the position of the body of the enemy, whether it really useless done or not: for any mistake, after leaving here, would certainly be fatal to our hopes."

"That's just what I've been a-thinking on, and what I'm a-going to do," returned Seth; "said so, Cap'n, if you'll just stay here with Miss Blanche and keep the niggers docile, I'll try to soon tell you all as can be found out by me—for nothing, I 'spect, at' out's the question."

"I will do so, then," said Eugene, "because you are more experienced than I; but be very, very cautious! for you know how fatal was the like attempt to those who preceded you!"

"That's why that's so much need of me trying it fust; but I'll be keerful, I'll be cautious, I'll scalp as' a thing as I wants myself."

And what about the dog?" inquired Eugene: "and we better fasten it or not?"

"That that's about which and rather, Cap'n," answered Seth. "If you fasten it, I can't git in without some noise; and if you don't, the Injuns can."

"I think it will be as well, everything considered, for us to remain where we are, and let the door be open," said Eugene; "for if your attempt to trace out a pathway for us should not prove successful, we shall have no hope of escape, and the Indians may as well come in at our door as anywhere, but make them so angry with us as to bring about the most trade consequences. In other view of the case, there would a great evil, and it is of course my wish to discuss the least of the two."

"I really do not know what to advise," said Blanche.

"Well, it's my notion," said Seth, "that we'd best let the liquor stand what it are, and I'll tell you my reasons for thinking so."

"Proceed, then, my friend," said Eugene, altogether abandoned the idea of destroying any portion of it.

"The important matter being thus finally disposed of," said the young commander, "let us now give our whole thought to the great event before us, prepare for it with all due caution, and pray God to aid and sustain us through the fearful undertaking!"

He then called up the frightened blacks; and hurriedly briefly explained to them exactly how matters stood—and warned them of the terrible doom that would certainly follow, should they out, under any and all circumstances, either recklessly forwards or otherwise, assume the most perfect and rigid silence—he proceeded to arm all parties with knives, to be used only in the last resort. Except his own pistol, which he concealed under his coat about his person, he placed the last of the arms he should be liable—as the danger to be risked, by an accidental or lightning discharge, it was thought would more than counterbalance any good which might result from their possession.

When everything was at length as well arranged for the momentous crisis in the fate of all as more human foresight could provide, Eugene, Fairfax, etc took their seats in silence, to pass the interval of waiting in such reflections and communings as the nature of the circumstances and the nature of each individual's character might suggest. Full an hour after minute then passed slowly, silently, and solemnly away, scarcely a word being exchanged, and only in whispers, and not a single sound breaking the awful stillness which reigned without.

At last, Seth Harper—to whom all looked as the one most capable of judging—rose to his feet and, to some considerable time, had been sitting bent over, unconsciously playing with the hands of his hunting-knife—deliberately rose to his feet and cautiously glided to the door.

"Has the time come for us to make the fearful venture?" whispered Eugene.

"If I can be done at all, I 'spect the best time to try it is' now," answered Seth.

"But had not one of us better go first, and endeavor to ascertain something of the position of the body of the enemy, whether it really useless done or not? for any mistake, after leaving here, would certainly be fatal to our hopes?"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ing barely disfinguishable amid the louder yells of the Indians, and seemed to be spreading themselves along the banks of the creek, to cut off the escape of the fugitives, and who had already opened a scattering and random fire.

"Here! here!" cried Blanche, reaching forward the one dismounted by Seth. "Quick, now, my good fellow! quick! or we are both lost!"

"Keep quiet!" said Seth; "I keep hearing quiet for five minutes, and it's like I may take you all safe through!"

As he spoke, he threw in the second one, first one side and then the other, and sent the boat quickly forward; but the night, as the reader knows, was so intensely dark that no direction to point could be seen; and it was as much by good luck as good judgment that the little craft was not sent up stream instead of down, and into destruction, instead of from it. The boat, however, was soon headed to descend the creek; but it had not gone apparently more than eight or ten yards, when it struck against a bank in the night. This, though it did no damage, was a warning to Seth to be more cautious, and so he paused to sit quietly, to again propel it onward, with less vigor and more caution. At last, Cap'n Ned heard the oar again in the right, and accustomed to do for none two or three minutes, the Indians all this time continued to whoop, yell, and fire their muskets at random—sometimes appearing to be so close to the friends as to cause them to start with alarm, and sometimes so distant as to awaken feelings of the most joyous hope.

At length the boat ceased to strike, and seemed to glide quickly and easily forward, with a soft, smooth ripple; and at the same time the yells of the Indians appeared to sound on the left, and more distant, as if they were being left behind. There were hallelujahs not to be mistaken by Seth; and suddenly resting on his oar, he gave vent to a loud, loud, triumphant whoop, in imitation of his savage foes, and ended with a wild, hearty, bursting laugh.

"What means this, Seth?" demanded Eugene, anxiously; "are we saved?"

"Clar o' the yelling pack, or may I never pray again!" cried Seth, with the utmost fervor of delight. "We're on the Ohio, clean and clar, in a good, little boat, or else I'm a nigger, and don't know nothing 'bout figgs nor rivers!"

"Are you sure, Seth? are you sure?" exclaimed Eugene, his heart seeming to leap to his very throat.

"I'm sure I'll risk my old scalp on't, Cap'n," answered Seth. And then, sarcastically and defiantly, at the very top of his voice, he cried out, "Ay! yelp away, you bloodies! this here's the way old Kickapoo and Wyandot give you the dodge!"

"Almighty God, I thank thee!" was the fervent ejaculation of the young commander.

"Ay, dear," said Isidora's friend and Blanche's; "and so say all I live, the anniversary of this night shall ever be passed in thanksgiving for our deliverance!"

So they spoke—but were they saved! Alas! they little knew what the dread future had in store for them! For the rest of these events in the night, long thick and close around them, darkness, like their spiritual, alike with their material, visions.

CHAPTER X.

NEW EVILS BREWING.

We will not follow them in detail through the rest of that long night—for long it seemed to them, because every minute was an interval of every minute was freighted with hope and fear. When the noise ceased, after the first short excitement under which they had labored, they resumed the

We have said that the night was long; by which we mean that the darkness, if not the time, seemed to them and their destination, if not between them and their nearest place of arrest; they knew, for they were without arms and without provisions, in an open boat, upon a broad river, which ran through hundreds of miles of forests, and a shore of which might be lined with savage foes, by any sudden or possible turn of the wind; and they knew that therefore, every minute was passed in active exertion, to put as many miles as possible between them and the point where they had met with such a terrible misfortune.

The gallant woman and the one until his arm grew weary; and then Eugene, taking his place, did the best that he in his power could to do with a tenacity changed, and encouraged each other with words of cheer and hope, and particularly for the dawn, for the coming light, which was to dispel the gloom from the external world, and partially gloom from their own anxious hearts.

Hour after hour these passed away, and at last day broke, as could be perceived by the faint lighting up of the mist, though still no object came into view. At length, whether their speed seemed to treble in the dense vapor above them, and they knew that the current was streaming down the river, and would soon scatter the cloud which had so long obscured their sight.

Little by little the fog seemed to lift and break, till at length it rolled aside, as the waters of the first few miles have parted for the passage of the pioneered freighter; and then, in the mighty forest between, though they were not the land of refuge, they saw the faces and forms of each other, and the silvery breast of the Ohio, upon which they were floating with what seemed a tranquil feeling of security when contrasted with the recent excitement of the perils through which they had so recently passed.

On either side of them the quivering vapor was now rolled up like a massive wall, concealing the mighty forest, with their hopes of danger; but almost immediately, like the batteries of a besieging army, the warm rays of the sun began to diminish those gray outworks of a beautiful scene, and first stately trees, green leaves, and bright blossoms began to appear, as from the receding waters of the ancient flood; and soon the whole stretch of the river gained a definite view, appearing in all its spring-adorned beauty.

While the change that we have mentioned was taking place, which occupied but a few minutes from the first breaking of the mist, Eugene had possession of the oar, and was steadily propelling the boat forward, the others being engaged in watching eagerly to the right and left, to catch whatever object might first appear. The moment the bright fields had come clearly into view, Blanche clapped her hands joyously, and in a quick, eager, animated tone, exclaimed—

"Oh, how beautiful! how lovely!"

For different, however, was the effect of the same scene upon the more obtuse, unpoetical, and practical mind of Seth Harper; for scarcely had the words passed the lips of Blanche, when he was heard suddenly to let fall, with a cry of surprise, disappointment, and alarm—

"Ah! what now?" exclaimed Eugene, quickly, the expression of his tones and the fashion of his face hastily changing from pleasure to anxiety, if not alarm.

"We won't sigh so much as hats and owls," said Seth, "for they can do things decent in the dark; but take daylight-any from us humans, and we only make fools of ourselves. Look thar! just look thar!" and he pointed to the eastern shore.

"Well?" returned Eugene; "well! what do you see?"

"What do you see, Cap'n?" asked the other.

"I see nothing dangerous; but I see two steps removed in these matters than you—so speak out."

"Well, don't it strike you that you're gitting along amazing fast with all your work?" inquired Seth.

"We are not in the channel, that is certain!" returned Eugene, marking his progress by the shore, and not perceiving that he was going in the best way.

"And how long do you 'spect it would take us to git to the Falls this here way?" asked Seth.

"A long time, I fear me!" was the answer now cast into the current.

"And how about, too?" said Seth.

"Ha! what do you mean?"

"I mean, Cap'n, of you'll just stand still a minute, you'll see yourself going to ther'ard."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Eugene, beginning to comprehend the situation; "Do you mean to say that we have been sculling up stream?"

"Sure enough, Cap'n dear, that's it; I didn't don't you see! the boat's beginning to look all ready!"

"Heaven deliver us!" cried Eugene, in alarm. "If we have been going up stream all night, we may either be above our foes now, or certainly at one distance below them!"

"What a terrible mistake!" said Blanche.

"Really, it seems as if there was an awful fatality connected with it," said Isa.

"It's got so thing's that that look," observed Seth; "but I guess we'll make it right while I'm at it, and have done it long—though that's no knowing what we done in that infernal fog!"

"De Lor A'mity' save us!" exclaimed Rose; "it's just hop it slit a 'pleasant upon us for keep, saving our lives in de middle of trouble, to bring de cloud, looking down the river, as Eugene said, to put us back in de hands of de Indians!"

"Where! where this be, Seth?" demanded Eugene, anxiously; "are we saved?"

"Clar o' the yelling pack, or may I never pray again!" cried Seth, with the utmost fervor of defiance. "We're on the Ohio, clean and clar, in a good, little boat, or else I'm a nigger, and don't know nothing 'bout figgs nor rivers!"

"Are you sure, Seth? are you sure?" exclaimed Eugene, his heart seeming to leap to his very throat.

"I'm sure I'll risk my old scalp on't, Cap'n," answered Seth. And then, sarcastically and defiantly, at the very top of his voice, he cried out, "Ay! yelp away, you bloodies! this here's the way old Kickapoo and Wyandot give you the dodge!"

"Almighty God, I thank thee!" was the fervent ejaculation of the young commander.

"Ay, dear," said Isidora's friend and Blanche's; "and so say all I live, the anniversary of this night shall ever be passed in thanksgiving for our deliverance!"

So they spoke—but were they saved! Alas! they little knew what the dread future had in store for them! For the rest of these events in the night, long thick and close around them, darkness, like their spiritual, alike with their material, visions.

CHAPTER X.

NEW EVILS BREWING.

We will not follow them in detail through the rest of that long night—for long it seemed to them, because every minute was an interval of every minute was freighted with hope and fear. When the noise ceased, after the first short excitement under which they had labored, they resumed the

We have said that the night was long; by which we mean that the darkness, if not the time, seemed to them and their destination, if not between them and their nearest place of arrest; they knew, for they were without arms and without provisions, in an open boat, upon a broad river, which ran through hundreds of miles of forests, and a shore of which might be lined with savage foes, by any sudden or possible turn of the wind; and they knew that therefore, every minute was passed in active exertion, to put as many miles as possible between them and the point where they had met with such a terrible misfortune.

The gallant woman and the one until his arm grew weary; and then Eugene, taking his place, did the best that he in his power could to do with a tenacity changed, and encouraged each other with words of cheer and hope, and particularly for the dawn, for the coming light, which was to dispel the gloom from the external world, and partially gloom from their own anxious hearts.

Hour after hour these passed away, and at last day broke, as could be perceived by the faint lighting up of the mist, though still no object came into view. At length, whether their speed seemed to treble in the dense vapor above them, and they knew that the current was streaming down the river, and would soon scatter the cloud which had so long obscured their sight.

Little by little the fog seemed to lift and break, till at length it rolled aside, as the waters of the first few miles have parted for the passage of the pioneered freighter; and then, in the mighty forest between, though they were not the land of refuge, they saw the faces and forms of each other, and the silvery breast of the Ohio, upon which they were floating with what seemed a tranquil feeling of security when contrasted with the recent excitement of the perils through which they had so recently passed.

On either side of them the quivering vapor was now rolled up like a massive wall, concealing the mighty forest, with their hopes of danger; but almost immediately, like the batteries of a besieging army, the warm rays of the sun began to diminish those gray outworks of a beautiful scene, and first stately trees, green leaves, and bright blossoms began to appear, as from the receding waters of the ancient flood; and soon the whole stretch of the river gained a definite view, appearing in all its spring-adorned beauty.

While the change that we have mentioned was taking place, which occupied but a few minutes from the first breaking of the mist, Eugene had possession of the oar, and was steadily propelling the boat forward, the others being engaged in watching eagerly to the right and left, to catch whatever object might first appear. The moment the bright fields had come clearly into view, Blanche clapped her hands joyously, and in a quick, eager, animated tone, exclaimed—

"Oh, how beautiful! how lovely!"

For different, however, was the effect of the same scene upon the more obtuse, unpoetical, and practical mind of Seth Harper; for scarcely had the words passed the lips of Blanche, when he was heard suddenly to let fall, with a cry of surprise, disappointment, and alarm—

"Ah! what now?" exclaimed Eugene, quickly, the expression of his tones and the fashion of his face hastily changing from pleasure to anxiety, if not alarm.

"We won't sigh so much as hats and owls," said Seth, "for they can do things decent in the dark; but take daylight-any from us humans, and we only make fools of ourselves. Look thar! just look thar!" and he pointed to the eastern shore.

"Well?" returned Eugene; "well! what do you see?"

"What do you see, Cap'n?" asked the other.

"I see nothing dangerous; but I see two steps removed in these matters than you—so speak out."

"Well, don't it strike you that you're gitting along amazing fast with all your work?" inquired Seth.

"We are not in the channel, that is certain!" returned Eugene, marking his progress by the shore, and not perceiving that he was going in the best way.

"And how long do you 'spect it would take us to git to the Falls this here way?" asked Seth.

"A long time, I fear me!" was the answer now cast into the current.

"And how about, too?" said Seth.

"Ha! what do you mean?"

"I mean, Cap'n, of you'll just stand still a minute, you'll see yourself going to ther'ard."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Eugene, beginning to comprehend the situation; "Do you mean to say that we have been sculling up stream?"

"Sure enough, Cap'n dear, that's it; I didn't don't you see! the boat's beginning to look all ready!"

"Heaven deliver us!" cried Eugene, in alarm. "If we have been going up stream all night, we may either be above our foes now, or certainly at one distance below them!"

"What a terrible mistake!" said Blanche.

"Really, it seems as if there was an awful fatality connected with it," said Isa.

"It's got so thing's that that look," observed Seth; "but I guess we'll make it right while I'm at it, and have done it long—though that's no knowing what we done in that infernal fog!"

"De Lor A'mity' save us!" exclaimed Rose; "it's just hop it slit a 'pleasant upon us for keep, saving our lives in de middle of trouble, to bring de cloud, looking down the river, as Eugene said, to put us back in de hands of de Indians!"

"Where! where this be, Seth?" demanded Eugene, anxiously; "are we saved?"

"Clar o' the yelling pack, or may I never pray again!" cried Seth, with the utmost fervor of defiance. "We're on the Ohio, clean and clar, in a good, little boat, or else I'm a nigger, and don't know nothing 'bout figgs nor rivers!"

"Are you sure, Seth? are you sure?" exclaimed Eugene, his heart seeming to leap to his very throat.

"I'm sure I'll risk my old scalp on't, Cap'n," answered Seth. And then, sarcastically and defiantly, at the very top of his voice, he cried out, "Ay! yelp away, you bloodies! this here's the way old Kickapoo and Wyandot give you the dodge!"

"Almighty God, I thank thee!" was the fervent ejaculation of the young commander.

"Ay, dear," said Isidora's friend and Blanche's; "and so say all I live, the anniversary of this night shall ever be passed in thanksgiving for our deliverance!"

So they spoke—but were they saved! Alas! they little knew what the dread future had in store for them! For the rest of these events in the night, long thick and close around them, darkness, like their spiritual, alike with their material, visions.

CHAPTER X.

NEW EVILS BREWING.

We will not follow them in detail through the rest of that long night—for long it seemed to them, because every minute was an interval of every minute was freighted with hope and fear. When the noise ceased, after the first short excitement under which they had labored, they resumed the

We have said that the night was long; by which we mean that the darkness, if not the time, seemed to them and their destination, if not between them and their nearest place of arrest; they knew, for they were without arms and without provisions, in an open boat, upon a broad river, which ran through hundreds of miles of forests, and a shore of which might be lined with savage foes, by any sudden or possible turn of the wind; and they knew that therefore, every minute was passed in active exertion, to put as many miles as possible between them and the point where they had met with such a terrible misfortune.

The gallant woman and the one until his arm grew weary; and then Eugene, taking his place, did the best that he in his power could to do with a tenacity changed, and encouraged each other with words of cheer and hope, and particularly for the dawn, for the coming light, which was to dispel the gloom from the external world, and partially gloom from their own anxious hearts.

Hour after hour these passed away, and at last day broke, as could be perceived by the faint lighting up of the mist, though still no object came into view. At length, whether their speed seemed to treble in the dense vapor above them, and they knew that the current was streaming down the river, and would soon scatter the cloud which had so long obscured their sight.

Little by little the fog seemed to lift and break, till at length it rolled aside, as the waters of the first few miles have parted for the passage of the pioneered freighter; and then, in the mighty forest between, though they were not the land of refuge, they saw the faces and forms of each other, and the silvery breast of the Ohio, upon which they were floating with what seemed a tranquil feeling of security when contrasted with the recent excitement of the perils through which they had so recently passed.

On either side of them the quivering vapor was now rolled up like a massive wall, concealing the mighty forest, with their hopes of danger; but almost immediately, like the batteries of a besieging army, the warm rays of the sun began to diminish those gray outworks of a beautiful scene, and first stately trees, green leaves, and bright blossoms began to appear, as from the receding waters of the ancient flood; and soon the whole stretch of the river gained a definite view, appearing in all its spring-adorned beauty.

While the change that we have mentioned was taking place, which occupied but a few minutes from the first breaking of the mist, Eugene had possession of the oar, and was steadily propelling the boat forward, the others being engaged in watching eagerly to the right and left, to catch whatever object might first appear. The moment the bright fields had come clearly into view, Blanche clapped her hands joyously, and in a quick, eager, animated tone, exclaimed—

"Oh, how beautiful! how lovely!"

For different, however, was the effect of the same scene upon the more obtuse, unpoetical, and practical mind of Seth Harper; for scarcely had the words passed the lips of Blanche, when he was heard suddenly to let fall, with a cry of surprise, disappointment, and alarm—

"But great is for the shadow of argument!" said Blanche.

"Well, what then?"

"Then what better we it is for us to find that you have been so foolish as to throw away your life?" cried Eugene, "you might have escaped!"

"But it will at least ease that we did not desert you, like a couple of cowards," said Eugene.

"There's two?" chimed in Seth; "bit her agin, Cap'n!"

"Ay, but show in when!" queried Blanche, "that you have been so very brave, my brave and honest boast we may choose to meet in life?"

"Ah, Blanche!" replied Eugene, "who will doubtless be highly pleased with such unpromising as your part—and perhaps will applaud it to the echo while they are dancing around your burning bodies—though for one of their own number, who is as all noted for bravery and cunning, would ever even think of being guilty of so unwarrantable and ingredient an action!"

I certainly feel quite darkened. Miss Blanche, is finding myself compared with a savage!" returned Eugene, laughing.

"You need not be in the least," answered Blanche, in the same way—"since the comparison is made in favor of the forest native—instead of throwing himself into the hands of his enemy, in a similar case, would have done, so that he might return with the power of numbers, and thus rescue and lead safely forth from him, or take vengeance for its loss—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Eugene, with a start; "I did not think of that! that seems to place the affair in a different light!"

"Then, since you comprehend me at last," said Blanche, quickly and earnestly, "let me trust that, if success should attend us, no mistaken fear of danger will prevent you doing your duty! Of course," she added, hurriedly, "I intend no reflection upon myself beneath these waters, or plunging a dagger to get out the way—but you see what I mean! I am not that I may live a life of servitude among the savages, rather than die a free woman, and a friend and return to my friends; and if you were to be thinking of me, and consequently not attending properly with me, it not only would not ameliorate my condition in the least, but would weaken my strength and energy, and thereby injure me the most hard, if you were to escape and return to my friends, and leave me behind, you would be doing to my deliverance—and which, I think it safe to say, is the only thing that you have to do, except, perhaps, to assist in the boat—a pretty little couch, which we have constructed for me, and which the same sort of device over again as we got into the boat, if necessary."

"Merciful God! is there no escaping them at all?" exclaimed Eugene, clasping his hands; "there go more of their hellish screeches! And see! they have discovered us, and are coming in a three or four of them together, pointing toward us! And now look! there are others coming up to the first! What shall we do? We must contrive some plan to escape them!"

"If they have not got your boat," answered Seth, "it'll be easy enough to go by, and say he'll to be, with our feelings of the case; but if they have like this, it'll be a powerful onearth operation for us, whether we will or not!"

"But we can escape, some way, even if we have not similar success to them, after we have exhausted our powder which they had labored, they resumed the

We have said that the night was long; by which we mean that the darkness, if not the time, seemed to them and their destination, if not between them and their nearest place of arrest; they knew, for they were without arms and without provisions, in an open boat, upon a broad river, which ran through hundreds of miles of forests, and a shore of which might be lined with savage foes, by any sudden or possible turn of the wind; and they knew that therefore, every minute was passed in active exertion, to put as many miles as possible between them and the point where they had met with such a terrible misfortune.

"Seth," said Blanche, turning suddenly to the boatman, "suppose you and Mr. Fairfax were alone together—directed in every respect as you are now, with the exception of your self and myself being present—do you think it would be possible for you to escape from your pursuers?"

"I should think we'd be thundering fools if we didn't!" answered Seth, bluntly.

"And in such a case, what would you do first?"

"I'd just steer off the way I'm doing now, and run down till I got to whether the coast seemed to fuller or not; and if I found they war, and war like to come on streaming after me, I'd just cut up again the bank, and bolt through yonder woods as if Old Nick was after me!" was the reply.

"And you feel certain you could escape in that manner?"

"Say in anything out a b'ar, Miss Blanche."

"Then I wish you to do exactly as you would if there were none present but yourself."

"The Lord bless your 'purty face!" rejoined Seth, shaking his head, and with a grin which almost traced fast enough, say for enough, in them the words to make any one's mind run back to the days of what the pelping words would tell the Injins a mile off where we be."

"But I do not think of trying the woods at all," said Blanche.

"What then?" inquired the boatman, with an air of surprise.

"I will tell you what the means, Seth," interposed Eugene; "at this shake the can persuade you and me to run away, by myself and Blanche, for our escape—and leave herself and Rose in the hands of the savages!"

"She don't, 'ythen?" rejoined Seth, almost angrily, and looking quickly from one to the other. "Miss Blanche is more of fairies on the right hand of darter o' Colonel Bertrand; she's of a good old French and Virginia blood, and Eugene Fairfax she aint and can't be really 'a lavant, in spoking either me or you, or both on us together, for a-going to do any such infernal, niggerish, cowardly thing!"

"Bravo, Seth!" exclaimed Eugene; "I am glad to find that you cannot believe such a suggestion could certainly come from the lips of the daughter of Colonel Bertrand."

"Well," rejoined Blanche, calmly as firmly, "I did mean it—and do still—and there are my reasons therefor. In the first place, suppose it to put in your power to save myself and Rose?"

"Oh, dear! dear! de Lor' A'mighty 'serve us!" exclaimed the woeful in terror.

"Be quiet!" said her mistress, sternly; "as I shall be compelled to punish you severely!"

"Well, suppose it is not in our power to save you and Rose?" hurried Eugene.

"Then we shall most assuredly either be killed or taken prisoners in spite of you!" said Blanche.

"God forbid!" ejaculated the young man.

"And I'm afraid it's a much better boat for running, one year-year is for acting, Cap'n Fairfax," said Seth, and what's more and more of it, they've not been like this here, but two light canoes, that'll ride the water like bubbles, and come after us like a couple of thunder arter a deer."

"I do not see them," said Eugene.

"I think I do?" observed Blanche, quickly; "and they seem to be some crawling insects or lizards under the overhanging bushes."

"Then you've got sharper eyes than I have, young woman to see for sail quick?"

"Ah! I see them now!" exclaimed Eugene; "but I perceive nothing in their motion that indicates an intention of giving chase to us."

"That's exactly what the cunning dogs want to make us believe," said Seth. "You see, they're hopping now don't see 'em at all; and their object is to drop down and git quietly ahead of us, and then come round and make a sure thing on't."

"Then, knowing this, Seth, why do you delay here?" said Eugene; "why not put in all your skill and strength, and endeavor to head them, and keep ahead of them?"

"Because that means strength and skill wouldn't do it, Cap'n; all the skill and strength as we could put in wouldn't be no more than a flea's bite, and could send that feather crafts two miles to one!"

"Then, as I see nothing that we can gain by remaining in the river," returned Eugene, calmly, "I think it best for all of us to take to the shore, and trust to the rest to Providence. We can no more than be killed or captured there, and it is possible we may escape. I believe that is the course that we should come, and Miss Blanche should still persist in having us desert her, I shall be compelled to do so, for I am sure the savages might use it, you know it will be best for us to do it there as now! Come, Seth, what say you to this?"

"Why, I suppose replied, he took a deliberate and careful survey of the river, above and below, and seemed to ponder all the chances.

"I reckon your last idea are so 'ailing better'n trying to outrun the niggers on the water," he said, finally; "but I've got a plan that'll work, which, by playing possum a bit, I may fetch to pass."

"Ha! well! what is it?" demanded Eugene, eagerly, for there was a slight brightness or of hope.

"Boat-hauf a mile below here, on this side, that's a certain."

"I do not see it," returned Eugene, looking in the direction indicated.

"Well, you will soon, for what it comes to, and so I know it's there."

"But what shall we go on! What do you propose?"

"Why, of we can keep the boats from 'spoting us, I think it's like we'll be able to keep ahead of 'em—sleep, carrow, and twisting around under overhanging trees—the thundering cowards thought we'd be sure doubled down the river!" said Seth, with a grin.

"But shall we go on! What do you propose?"

"Cap'n, if it can be done, in Heaven's name do it!" cried Blanche, clasping her hands.

"I'll do it if I can," said Seth. "All of you just keep down and powerful quiet and low, and I'll just pretend I don't see nothing, and try to make 'em believe that I'm a-going on down the river. From the way they're working, I reckon think they'll try to keep clear of us till they can git a good chance to run down and storm right on us; and you, we'll be into the creek, or else I'm not a good pioneer."

"The shore along here," said Eugene, pointing to the Kentucky bank, which was only a few yards distant, "appears to have a close wood, and dense undergrowth; and if we cannot reach the creek before we are discovered, we will endeavor to land, and conceal our boat among some of the overhanging and heavy bushes, but it could not be done without difficulty, which would give us some considerable time to push our way into the woods before our trail could to the several. What do you say to this, Miss Blanche? for of course we must be governed entirely by your wishes."

"I am willing and anxious to try any means that will give us the slightest chance of escape," replied. "The only objection I had to breaking up from the boat was the utmost confidence I had to Seth's account, of my not being able to keep up with him or remaining your movements but you could not; but only show me a hope of the attempt being successful, and I shall be as eager as either of you!"

There were a few more remarks of a similar nature, and then the boat was silently shoved off, and each eye was kept steadily fixed upon the two canoes which had been previously mentioned; while Seth, keeping his position at the stern, continued to scull the boat rapidly and quietly ahead with the tide. The Indians, owing to the fact that they kept close in to the Ohio bank—as close as scarcely to be seen by the boat—and sometimes lost sometimes leafy background—moved along at a pace which exercised the skill of their friends, who in consequence began to feel the renewed pleasures of hope, and to be more troubled as they did so, but their joyful again he disappointed in a matter which was literally a life and death importance to them.

Time matters continued till the mouth of the creek could be clearly perceived, some two or three hundred yards ahead; whereupon they all began to look as if comprehending the design of our friends, and swiftly across the river toward the very point which they had never seen so anxious to avoid an instance of them.

"Now then!" exclaimed Seth, putting all his skill and strength to the oar, which fairly bent under his Herculean efforts; "now for't for the dear life! Keep down and quiet, and leave me alone! a-going to make a sure thing on't of they can."

"No!" answered the other—"you can't do anything—nothing. Cap'n Fee can no more than Seth as this bit of 'bout!" cried Eugene, "and I can't do alone can't be done!"

"Then God help us!" said they cons!" cried Eugene, despairingly, as he stood watching their progress and trembling with excitement. "It is but a minute or two since they struck out, and now I can almost count their numbers!"

"I told you so, Cap'n! I told you so!" returned Seth, with not a little anxiety depicted on his own rough features, as he bent to his work with almost superhuman efforts; "I told you they could do two miles to our one, and it'll be a powerful tight rub for us to get in much ahead of 'em!"

"Then hold up, and let us try the forest here!" said Eugene, suddenly, as he pointed to the left

"But great is for the shadow of argument!" said Blanche.

"Well, what then?"

"Then what better we it is for us to find that you have been so foolish as to throw away your life?" cried Eugene, "you might have escaped!"

"But it will at least ease that we did not desert you, like a couple of cowards," said Eugene.

"There's two?" chimed in Seth; "bit her agin, Cap'n!"

"Ay, but show in when!" queried Blanche, "that you have been so very brave, my brave and honest boast we may choose to meet in life?"

"Ah, Blanche!" replied Eugene, "who will doubtless be highly pleased with such unpromising as your part—and perhaps will applaud it to the echo while they are dancing around your burning bodies—though for one of their own number, who is as all noted for bravery and cunning, would ever even think of being guilty of so unwarrantable and ingredient an action!"

I certainly feel quite darkened. Miss Blanche, is finding myself compared with a savage!" returned Eugene, laughing.

"You need not be in the least," answered Blanche, in the same way—"since the comparison is made in favor of the forest native—instead of throwing himself into the hands of his enemy, in a similar case, would have done, so that he might return with the power of numbers, and thus rescue and lead safely forth from him, or take vengeance for its loss—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Eugene, with a start; "I did not think of that! that seems to place the affair in a different light!"

"Then, since you comprehend me at last," said Blanche, quickly and earnestly, "let me trust that, if success should attend us, no mistaken fear of danger will prevent you doing your duty! Of course," she added, hurriedly, "I intend no reflection upon myself beneath these waters, or plunging a dagger to get out the way—but you see what I mean! I am not that I may live a life of servitude among the savages, rather than die a free woman, and a friend and return to my friends; and if you were to be thinking of me, and consequently not attending properly with me, it not only would not ameliorate my condition in the least, but would weaken my strength and energy, and thereby injure me the most hard, if you were to escape and return to my friends, and leave me behind, you would be doing to my deliverance—and which, I think it safe to say, is the only thing that you have to do, except, perhaps, to assist in the boat—a pretty little couch, which we have constructed for me, and which the same sort of device over again as we got into the boat, if necessary."

"Merciful God! is there no escaping them at all?" exclaimed Eugene, clasping his hands; "there go more of their hellish screeches! And see! they have discovered us, and are coming in a three or four of them together, pointing toward us! And now look! there are others coming up to the first! What shall we do? We must contrive some plan to escape them!"

"If they have not got your boat," answered Seth, "it'll be easy enough to go by, and say he'll to be, with our feelings of the case; but if they have like this, it'll be a powerful onearth operation for us, whether we will or not!"

"But we can escape, some way, even if we have not similar success to them, after we have exhausted our powder which they had labored, they resumed the

We have said that the night was long; by which we mean that the darkness, if not the time, seemed to them and their destination, if not between them and their nearest place of arrest; they knew, for they were without arms and without provisions, in an open boat, upon a broad river, which ran through hundreds of miles of forests, and a shore of which might be lined with savage foes, by any sudden or possible turn of the wind; and they knew that therefore, every minute was passed in active exertion, to put as many miles as possible between them and the point where they had met with such a terrible misfortune.

The gallant woman and the one until his arm grew weary; and then Eugene, taking his place, did the best that he in his power could to do with a tenacity changed, and encouraged each other with words of cheer and hope, and particularly for the dawn, for the coming light, which was to dispel the gloom from the external world, and partially gloom from their own anxious hearts.

Hour after hour these passed away, and at last day broke, as could be perceived by the faint lighting up of the mist, though still no object came into view. At length, whether their speed seemed to treble in the dense vapor above them, and they knew that the current was streaming down the river, and would soon scatter the cloud which had so long obscured their sight.

Little by little the fog seemed to lift and break, till at length it rolled aside, as the waters of the first few miles have parted for the passage of the pioneered freighter; and then, in the mighty forest between, though they were not the land of refuge, they saw the faces and forms of each other, and the silvery breast of the Ohio, upon which they were floating with what seemed a tranquil feeling of security when contrasted with the recent excitement of the perils through which they had so recently passed.

On either side of them the quivering vapor was now rolled up like a massive wall, concealing the mighty forest, with their hopes of danger; but almost immediately, like the batteries of a besieging army, the warm rays of the sun began to diminish those gray outworks of a beautiful scene, and first stately trees, green leaves, and bright blossoms began to appear, as from the receding waters of the ancient flood; and soon the whole stretch of the river gained a definite view, appearing in all its spring-adorned beauty.

While the change that we have mentioned was taking place, which occupied but a few minutes from the first breaking of the mist, Eugene had possession of the oar, and was steadily propelling the boat forward, the others being engaged in watching eagerly to the right and left, to catch whatever object might first appear. The moment the bright fields had come clearly into view, Blanche clapped her hands joyously, and in a quick, eager, animated tone, exclaimed—

"Oh, how beautiful! how lovely!"

For different, however, was the effect of the same scene upon the more obtuse, unpoetical, and practical mind of Seth Harper; for scarcely had the words passed the lips of Blanche, when he was heard suddenly to let fall, with a cry of surprise, disappointment, and alarm—

"Ah! what now?" exclaimed Eugene, quickly, the expression of his tones and the fashion of his face hastily changing from pleasure to anxiety, if not alarm.

"We won't sigh so much as hats and owls," said Seth, "for they can do things decent in the dark; but take daylight-any from us humans, and we only make fools of ourselves. Look thar! just look thar!" and he pointed to the eastern shore.

"Well?" returned Eugene; "well! what do you see?"

"What do you see, Cap'n?" asked the other.

"I see nothing dangerous; but I see two steps removed in these matters than you—so speak out."

"Well, don't it strike you that you're gitting along amazing fast with all your work?" inquired Seth.

"We are not in the channel, that is certain!" returned Eugene, marking his progress by the shore, and not perceiving that he was going in the best way.

"And how long do you 'spect it would take us to git to the Falls this here way?" asked Seth.

"A long time, I fear me!" was the answer now cast into the current.

"And how about, too?" said Seth.

"Ha! what do you mean?"

"I mean, Cap'n, of you'll just stand still a minute, you'll see yourself going to ther'ard."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Eugene, beginning to comprehend the situation; "Do you mean to say that we have been sculling up stream?"

"Sure enough, Cap'n dear, that's it; I didn't don't you see! the boat's beginning to look all ready!"

"Heaven deliver us!" cried Eugene, in alarm. "If we have been going up stream all night, we may either be above our foes now, or certainly at one distance below them!"

"What a terrible mistake!" said Blanche.

"Really, it seems as if there was an awful fatality connected with it," said Isa.

"It's got so thing's that that look," observed Seth; "but I guess we'll make it right while I'm at it, and have done it long—though that's no knowing what we done in that infernal fog!"

"De Lor A'mity' save us!" exclaimed Rose; "it's just hop it slit a 'pleasant upon us for keep, saving our lives in de middle of trouble, to bring de cloud, looking down the river, as Eugene said, to put us back in de hands of de Indians!"

"Where! where this be, Seth?" demanded Eugene, anxiously; "are we saved?"

"Clar o' the yelling pack, or may I never pray again!" cried Seth, with the utmost fervor of defiance. "We're on the Ohio, clean and clar, in a good, little boat, or else I'm a nigger, and don't know nothing 'bout figgs nor rivers!"

"Are you sure, Seth? are you sure?" exclaimed Eugene, his heart seeming to leap to his very throat.

"I'm sure I'll risk my old scalp on't, Cap'n," answered Seth. And then, sarcastically and defiantly, at the very top of his voice, he cried out, "Ay! yelp away, you bloodies! this here's the way old Kickapoo and Wyandot give you the dodge!"

"Almighty God, I thank thee!" was the fervent ejaculation of the young commander.

"Ay, dear," said Isidora's friend and Blanche's; "and so say all I live, the anniversary of this night shall ever be passed in thanksgiving for our deliverance!"

So they spoke—but were they saved! Alas! they little knew what the dread future had in store for them! For the rest of these events in the night, long thick and close around them, darkness, like their spiritual, alike with their material, visions.

CHAPTER X.

NEW EVILS BREWING.

We will not follow them in detail through the rest of that long night—for long it seemed to them, because every minute was an interval of every minute was freighted with hope and fear. When the noise ceased, after the first short excitement under which they had labored, they resumed the

We have said that the night was long; by which we mean that the darkness, if not the time, seemed to them and their destination, if not between them and their nearest place of arrest; they knew, for they were without arms and without provisions, in an open boat, upon a broad river, which ran through hundreds of miles of forests, and a shore of which might be lined with savage foes, by any sudden or possible turn of the wind; and they knew that therefore, every minute was passed in active exertion, to put as many miles as possible between them and the point where they had met with such a terrible misfortune.

The gallant woman and the one until his arm grew weary; and then Eugene, taking his place, did the best that he in his power could to do with a tenacity changed, and encouraged each other with words of cheer and hope, and particularly for the dawn, for the coming light, which was to dispel the gloom from the external world, and partially gloom from their own anxious hearts.

Hour after hour these passed away, and at last day broke, as could be perceived by the faint lighting up of the mist, though still no object came into view. At length, whether their speed seemed to treble in the dense vapor above them, and they knew that the current was streaming down the river, and would soon scatter the cloud which had so long obscured their sight.

Little by little the fog seemed to lift and break, till at length it rolled aside, as the waters of the first few miles have parted for the passage of the pioneered freighter; and then, in the mighty forest between, though they were not the land of refuge, they saw the faces and forms of each other, and the silvery breast of the Ohio, upon which they were floating with what seemed a tranquil feeling of security when contrasted with the recent excitement of the perils through which they had so recently passed.

On either side of them the quivering vapor was now rolled up like a massive wall, concealing the mighty forest, with their hopes of danger; but almost immediately, like the batteries of a besieging army, the warm rays of the sun began to diminish those gray outworks of a beautiful scene, and first stately trees, green leaves, and bright blossoms began to appear, as from the receding waters of the ancient flood; and soon the whole stretch of the river gained a definite view, appearing in all its spring-adorned beauty.

While the change that we have mentioned was taking place, which occupied but a few minutes from the first breaking of the mist, Eugene had possession of the oar, and was steadily propelling the boat forward, the others being engaged in watching eagerly to the right and left, to catch whatever object might first appear. The moment the bright fields had come clearly into view, Blanche clapped her hands joyously, and in a quick, eager, animated tone, exclaimed—

"Oh, how beautiful! how lovely!"

For different, however, was the effect of the same scene upon the more obtuse, unpoetical, and practical mind of Seth Harper; for scarcely had the words passed the lips of Blanche, when he was heard suddenly to let fall, with a cry of surprise, disappointment, and alarm—

"Ah! what now?" exclaimed Eugene, quickly, the expression of his tones and the fashion of his face hastily changing from pleasure to anxiety, if not alarm.

"We won't sigh so much as hats and owls," said Seth, "for they can do things decent in the dark; but take daylight-any from us humans, and we only make fools of ourselves. Look thar! just look thar!" and he pointed to the eastern shore.

"Well?" returned Eugene; "well! what do you see?"

"What do you see, Cap'n?" asked the other.

"I see nothing dangerous; but I see two steps removed in these matters than you—so speak out."

"Well, don't it strike you that you're gitting along amazing fast with all your work?" inquired Seth.

"We are not in the channel, that is certain!" returned Eugene, mar

A VOICE.

BY ALICE CARY.

A voice is calling to me!
When my eye is dim, and my ear is dull
To all that is great and precious, but
Of pay as it can be.

Troubled with all cares!
As I watch, from its outer warm aspect,
How I can't even climbing to look in later
On the chess's enlaving breast.

By the suddenly silent,
When I see the small wait, and say,
As if to the child's grave: I hate so deep?
Tender, and very sweet.

Whenever my conscience tries
To find excuse for the wrong I've done
By saying that others
Like a thunder-cure is cross.

Like a drama of flowers and trees
Is the life of the child throughout with living blooms,
For whatever it touches through its active fingers
The child's of the frozen soul.

So through the dis and dust,
In waters, and through the sea-sand,
Saying, —God will bring good out of evil yet,
And through he should say thou, Soul!

THE BETTER CHOICE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Once upon a time there were two young men, brothers, sons of "genteel" parents in moderate circumstances. They were handsome, well educated young men; and for each of them the heart of many a fair maiden sighed tenderly.

The training of these brothers had been such as taught them great regard for the welfare of their parents—it was a very great misfortune that parents whose influence was so great had not always exercised it to better purposes.

Now each of these young men, one of whom was called Leo, and the other Claude, loved, better than all others, one young maiden. Neither of these fortunate girls was very beautiful, or, more than a rich one of them, the beloved of Claude, was very poor; but she was sensible, intelligent and refined, and to Caudus she was the most lovely being on earth.

Leo also loved his chosen lady as much as he loved anything in the world but himself. He was the most ardent and enduring of lovers, and was not the light-eyed Mercy,—so was she called—and she loved him as a beautiful woman seldom loves but once. In her eyes he was the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable being that ever existed. She had no heart, no thoughts for any other—she was blind, literally—for as earthly things were concerned, her all in all. Her mother used sometimes to warn Mercy that it is never safe or well to love so utterly any mortal creature; she told her child again and again that God alone was worthy of any being's whole heart; Mercy could not recall her affection; she could not stem their flow. When she tried to reason with herself, to her mother's way, if Leo crossed her sight it was all over. Towards him with irresistible force rushed every feeling and emotion of her nature. Poor Mercy! she was, it is to be feared, an idolatress—and the punishment of such is indeed sure.

The brothers were free from that foolish and cowardly prejudice—that silliness so many persons—to deny that their love, and to shun all mention of the object of that love, if there was a chance and chance in the thought. They took great pleasure in talking together of Mercy and Annie. Each brother was pleased with the choice of the other; which seemed things decidedly agreeable. Next to seeing and conversing face to face with a friend, comes the pleasure of talking of that friend to some one who values him. We to that poor heart which, having won the sweetest, every yet erect heart, even unto hurting, to cover and to guard from every eye what still is a trembling wildly to look upon it, what rude and severe like the restless sea, starting at every pore, and always mounting—yes, we—to that poor heart!

But there were two beautiful young ladies, who loved these brothers: and when the fact came to the knowledge of the parents of our heroes, they called their sons to them and gave them an earnest charge to win those loving heavens for their wives. The advantages for young men just starting in life, of wealth and elevated position were fully set forth. The ladies in question were of a proud family, in the very topmost rank of American society, connected in various ways with the talent of the country, and with the leading men of the government. The pride and ambition of the young men were similarly touched, and upon their acquaintance arose visions of palace-houses, hosts of servants, sumptuous banquets, and, even, they caught a glimpse of the President's chair making so though it were chilling toward them with intentions of going under them. Their heads whirled, and the thought of their humble and confining little cottage friends "went under," as a plank will go when struck by the keel of a steamer.

The influence of this parental harangue was utterly felt by both brothers. They did not visit Mercy or Anna that evening, nor did they mention their names out to the other. They lay silently upon their pillows, the seven-old dreams of love and faith put to flight by the gaudy phantasmagoria of ambition, and "the greed of gain."

It chanced that upon the next day these brothers were out on the late fishing. There was with them a widower; a free-hearted, jolly-hearted man of fifty; and he seemed very much inclined to interest himself in the affairs of his young friends Claudius. He had been of their partiality to Mercy and Anna, and most heartily did he congratulate the young men upon their good sense in not forfeiture in having become engaged to such admirable girls.

"I'm not engaged to no girl," said Leo, reddening very much.

"How?" exclaimed Mr. Andrews, in astonishment. "Not engaged to Mercy Kent?"

"Well, then, you certainly ought to be—a man that can be engaged to her and is not is a fool; and one that allows her to put such a construction on him is a villain; that's all I've got to say!" blurted out Andrews, warmly and offended at the loss and manner of Leo.

"I should think you had said about enough," said Leo, frowning darkly; his fair, handsome face darkened by an overspreading cloud look.

"Here, here, none of that, if you please, gentlemen—we are out on a pleasure party, and don't want any hard words, or black looks; if Leo can't exactly make up his mind among so many pretty girls, why one blame him. I say a fellow could n't help in female favor—with the rich ones—too, can't he expected to know his own mind in a minute. Here, lend a hand to haul in this fish. I vow, I believe I've caught a whale," exclaimed a lively member of the party.

The line was hauled in, and the creature on the end of it proved to be not a whale, but a horrible-looking great water-snake; and the first thing he did on being pulled aboard was to flirt his evil-looking carcass about into the face of the disgusted Leo.

"It's the devil himself, and he's after you;" shouted Andrew, as the young men made haste to cast out their accustomed lines. "Come, young-sters, one and all, I've got a word to say to you, and I am going to say it—you are like to be my fish like it, just as it suits you—but I've been through the mill, and have served a turn to say that I know what I'm talking about; and I tell you that a young man, I care not whether he be rich or poor, the poor-house than to marry a girl who is richer than he is. He'll be made miserable just as sure as the sun rises and sets, and if he marries her because she's rich, rather than because he loves her, he deserves all the misery he gets. Now, I am going to marry again as soon as I can get any one that I like, and she will have me; and there is one thing and that I'm very sure of, I shall take for my second wife a poor girl."

"Well done, old fellow—it's to be hoped that you'll stick to your text, for your part, a long enough for two, and there are plenty of poor girls about. The work-house is full of them," said the gentleman who had spoken before.

Andrew vouchsafed no answer to this.

"I suppose you'll make a girl, pretty enough to make up for lack of the cash?" said another.

"I would not care how handsome my wife was if she wasn't rude; but vanity I despise; and the moment I see it in a girl her charms are at an end. I find that as a general thing plain women are most and *longest* lovable. Youth fades, if they don't take the trouble to observe, that it is in plain wives that husbands are most devoted. Beautiful girls strike the imagination, and sometimes the heart; they man; and so make wives are called smart marriages. They are generally looked for, but not for a long, long time. As soon as you are used to beauty, it is no more than the commonest thing, and I find was all that drew you, the bond is broken, and you are attracted by some new face; if you happen to marry a plain woman it is generally from affection, and she grows lower stronger, both through the pleasant life and the other's many virtues."

"Sentimental! do stop blame—who would have thought it?" said the gentleman who had spoken such notions! I should think you was a boarding school miss instead of a full-grown man and old."

"I have been taught truth in a hard school, boys; and that is why I now speak. But I dare say you will all relate to take warning by me. A very of marriage is so closed, then, each in your own way; and when you have arrived at my time of life you will be as much pleased at your escape as those of true wisdom."

This conversation was not merely accidental. The men said what they choose to say; but there was more in it than, literally, for as each one was saying freely what had before and been determined should be done; and each one, by means of the dress saved Caudus from guilt and wretchedness. The struggle of ambition was over in his mind; and for as a moment, and, as it proved, a fortunate one of his Anna. The danger that had threatened her peace had forever passed away. Leo, in the very first formal engagement between them; nor between Leo and Mercy. Mercy's mother knew that happy Anna sensed the day on which she would become daughter-in-law to Caudus Andrews.

Of this when they met that night.

"Well, Anna is a good girl, you will be happy with her; but for my part I have determined to take the better choice."

"And Mercy?" questioned Caudus—looking steadily in his brother.

"She has no claim on me; there is no engagement to be broken."

Broken engagement, no my mind, worse than broken engagements. Leo, beware what you do!"

"If a girl is still engaged, it is best to know one how can I help it?" said Leo, sullenly.

"I engaged her, and I am willing and in your power to gain that heart; could you, Leo? Your love was so evident that it would be a sin to show it—Mercy never thought of distrusting you; or asking for more than you gave; she is not of a trusting her, or losing her by promises; and now when every thing is ready for the wedding, you forsake her, just because no vow was ever spoken, you say 'she has no claim' on you, that you leave her to suffer, to weep, to pine, and probably never will see. How dreadfully mean and wicked and unmanly you are, Leo! I never thought that I an saved from it!"

"You'll better be praying for grace to obey the wishes of your parents," retorted Leo.

"There is a higher duty than that which we owe to them. To our own heart we owe existence to be true."

"Leo, dear Leo, *why* do you shun me so? For a whole week, which has seemed a year, have I watched and waited for you to come. Two or three long years—all the blessed time that we have known each other—have you been to me. I am not to come. I was afraid you had forgotten your vow of duty."

Leo clasped the poor maniac closer to his breast, and, with a sudden impulse of pity that he had died over the dead body of his only son.

"What make you cry, Leo? The trouble is all over now, and I am happy as I can be now; you, I, your arms I can hardly think how it was that I could ever have left you. Leo, you have deserted from you. I'm so glad I broke that vile engagement. Leo, you are my own, my own forever, and I get through and have found you. Oh, Leo, you are not going to leave me? I have not yet an again." Standing about his neck with the utmost fondness, returning freely all his kisses and caresses. "Leo, dear Leo, you are not going? that is not still her own.

Mercy screamed fearfully. "Save me, Leo—don't let him take me away from you; for pity, for pity, Leo, don't!"

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Leo.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Leo.

"Oh, he's my husband, sir, and he ran the graves yard, making love to a maid Mercy."

"The man's whole manner was intensely changed, and why? Oh! because Dr. De Wolf was a very rich man—or as rich was the fellow supposed—and Mercy was his niece.

"I am one of the keepers of the insane asylum where that person has for several years been confined. She has to-day been breaking out, and a pretty time I've had after her. I suppose you won't interfere with my duty, sir?"

"No, but you can go your way, now. I'll see that all is right, and we shall have less distraction."

The man went away.

"What did you say to him? I could not hear, you spoke so low," asked Mercy.

"Oh, I told him that he needn't put himself to any more trouble about you, for that would take care of you."

"Good Leo—dear, blessed Leo—how kind you are; but did you hear him call me 'mad woman?' That is just the way they talk to me all the time, and Leo, it sometimes makes me afraid that I am mad, or shall soon become so."

"Oh! hush, dear Mercy! do not talk in that sad way. Listen to me, now. I am not prepared to take you home with me to-night. It would not do, and I want you to be a good girl, and be ruled by me, as you have always love to be ruled by me, Mercy?" and the traitor kissed her.

"I'm, indeed, darling Leo, I love to obey your every wish. I would find much real difficulty in obeying all the will of my God."

Then there followed a scene from those those beautiful, quaintest eyes into the eyes of Leo.

A wreath of agony at the strong man's heart strings told him how he yearned for what he had willfully cast aside; he felt confident in his own mind that were he true to his Mercy home with him, the humanity which had made her its victim would soon be charmed away. He thought he had brought this we upon the gentle being who was now so happily nestling in his bosom, and whose alone he loved, he was not to be permitted to minister to her relief.

There was desperation in the thought, but it must be struggled with and overcome. Before he left her, however, Leo did allume, Leo did, while he softly passed his hand over the white face and head of her he held—

"I know you loved to please me, my sweet Mercy, and that I will tell you what I want you to do. Go back with me to the place from which you escaped in such an excited manner, and remain there for a few days, until I can come and visit you openly and honorably. Will you do this, sweet girl, and wait happily for my return. I will come to you at the very first moment that I can get away from those with me. Will you do as I desire?"

"Why should I not?" said the maniac, in a willing, contented tone.

"Then, darling, one hour's talk, and a hundred fond kisses and embraces Leo prevailed upon Mercy to go back and leave him once more in front of the asylum. This meeting, though it worked as much for a cure as for a disease, was productive of great blessing to the maniac. For a year she veiled patiently and happily her wild affections, and at the end of that time Leo began to mend so rapidly that her mother was permitted to take her to her own home. It was now not long ere the entire restoration of her reason. Leo and Mercy, in her very height of happiness, delight of *avatar* person, she seemed now to have no regret at all for the past, but to live in the present entirely; and once, when she heard a person say that he was killing himself by almost constant study, she looked up in Leo's face with his proud with in the style to which she was accustomed, and exclaimed, "Oh, Leo, how glad I am that Mercy smiled pleasantly, though compassionately, upon me!"

"Poor Leo! I am afraid he is not much happier than the poor cottage girl whom he loved before."

After this Mercy was considered to have fully recovered from her illness, and most unhappy love. And now it was that Mr. Andrews, kinds-hearted, jolly Andrews, came forward to do his duty, and tell to Mercy the hopes and wishes that he so long had cherished. Mercy, in her unsophisticated way, had been interested in her welfare. During the illness of Leo, and, indeed, ever since, he had been so lonesome, and her originality ways and always pleasant words had won upon his regard. He had repeatedly informed his wife that he considered Mercy the most delightful young lady in the world, and that her for a wife would get a woman who was worth her weight in gold, which was more than could be said of many. He found that there was an attachment springing up between Mercy and Leo, he felt great satisfaction, for he was very much attached to both "the De Wolf boys." His astonishment, therefore, was great when he found that Leo, and the consequent insanity of poor Mercy, were brought about by his own hand, and that all the expenses of Mercy's stay in the asylum, and the liberal fees which had been given to secure that his religion obliged him to be blind to the wicked and unfeeling conduct of Leo, were very much would. The best room and the best attention that could be had were secured for the unfortunate Mercy, for the hapless sufferer. And Andrews met with his reward, for Mercy fully recovered, and when Leo came to claim his bride, he found large promised kindness to her, and found that she had not only lost the sparkling and jolly of her former days in his heart, but its most ardent love, she was possessed by the wife gentleness, which, from that time forward upon the bread breast to which Andrews had given her, she lifted her self streaming eyes in his face, saying,—

"I will be yours, and love you faithfully and truly as long as I live, but God shall give me life."

Meantime Caudus had long been the happy husband of Anna, and their days and years had flown away upward in life. Anna was skillful in all the departments of housewifery, and was possessed of a most delightful temper, which, from the time of her marriage, was never ruffled. Yet she was not mean. Never was there a husband who, from the time of his marriage to a day, Anna's husband was called, and good and well prepared food (the truth must be confessed) was always on the table. Caudus was pleased also with the affection of most men. A man can't help loving a wife who is always pleased to give him something good to eat. The fortunes of Caudus were also increased steadily, though not very rapidly, improving, and unto their family were added, in course of time, two sons and three daughters. They had their griefs and troubles, but were as happy as it is well for people to be in this life. But with Leo, how different was it! His wife was a born and loved lady, with a fortune of her own—a very pretty one, and one which she would trouble herself much about household affairs. She always intended to do so, and sometimes—a good cook especially—and as a general thing she did so; but good cooks are wonderfully apt to be ill-natured, and sometimes Leo's dinner table or willing it, take cook's place, as that in which he generally happened to dine. Leo was rich, and But Leo was proud, and, in some directions, selfish. He decided to have his wife feel as much dependent on her. She was a lady, and she never mentioned the fortune to which she had become heiress; but then was a brother, a poor but acute blue eyes which told him that she should of it. The fact was, she had her suspicions that Leo had married her more for money than for love. She had heard him, when tooling restlessly in his drop, matter a name—she could not tell what it was, but it certainly was not hers, and after this there was a singularity in her manner towards him which he attributed to her want of respect for a poor, dependent husband. This guided him on to the most broken and even imprudent efforts to become rich. He rushed into business, living recklessly into first one speculation and then another, until he was up to his ears in confusion and losses. He had no time now for making or for anybody; he hurried here and, he hurried there, and Leo, it sometimes makes me afraid that I am mad, or shall soon become so."

"Oh! hush, dear Mercy! do not talk in that sad way. Listen to me, now. I am not prepared to take you home with me to-night. It would not do, and I want you to be a good girl, and be ruled by me, as you have always love to be ruled by me, Mercy?" and the traitor kissed her.

"I'm, indeed, darling Leo, I love to obey your every wish. I would find much real difficulty in obeying all the will of my God."

Then there followed a scene from those those beautiful, quaintest eyes into the eyes of Leo.

A wreath of agony at the strong man's heart strings told him how he yearned for what he had willfully cast aside; he felt confident in his own mind that were he true to his Mercy home with him, the humanity which had made her its victim would soon be charmed away. He thought he had brought this we upon the gentle being who was now so happily nestling in his bosom, and whose alone he loved, he was not to be permitted to minister to her relief.

There was desperation in the thought, but it must be struggled with and overcome. Before he left her, however, Leo did allume, Leo did, while he softly passed his hand over the white face and head of her he held—

"I know you loved to please me, my sweet Mercy, and that I will tell you what I want you to do. Go back with me to the place from which you escaped in such an excited manner, and remain there for a few days, until I can come and visit you openly and honorably. Will you do this, sweet girl, and wait happily for my return. I will come to you at the very first moment that I can get away from those with me. Will you do as I desire?"

"Why should I not?" said the maniac, in a willing, contented tone.

"Then, darling, one hour's talk, and a hundred fond kisses and embraces Leo prevailed upon Mercy to go back and leave him once more in front of the asylum. This meeting, though it worked as much for a cure as for a disease, was productive of great blessing to the maniac. For a year she veiled patiently and happily her wild affections, and at the end of that time Leo began to mend so rapidly that her mother was permitted to take her to her own home. It was now not long ere the entire restoration of her reason. Leo and Mercy, in her very height of happiness, delight of *avatar* person, she seemed now to have no regret at all for the past, but to live in the present entirely; and once, when she heard a person say that he was killing himself by almost constant study, she looked up in Leo's face with his proud with in the style to which she was accustomed, and exclaimed, "Oh, Leo, how glad I am that Mercy smiled pleasantly, though compassionately, upon me!"

"Poor Leo! I am afraid he is not much happier than the poor cottage girl whom he loved before."

After this Mercy was considered to have fully recovered from her illness, and most unhappy love. And now it was that Mr. Andrews, kinds-hearted, jolly Andrews, came forward to do his duty, and tell to Mercy the hopes and wishes that he so long had cherished. Mercy, in her unsophisticated way, had been interested in her welfare. During the illness of Leo, and, indeed, ever since, he had been so lonesome, and her originality ways and always pleasant words had won upon his regard. He had repeatedly informed his wife that he considered Mercy the most delightful young lady in the world, and that her for a wife would get a woman who was worth her weight in gold, which was more than could be said of many. He found that there was an attachment springing up between Mercy and Leo, he felt great satisfaction, for he was very much attached to both "the De Wolf boys." His astonishment, therefore, was great when he found that Leo, and the consequent insanity of poor Mercy, were brought about by his own hand, and that all the expenses of Mercy's stay in the asylum, and the liberal fees which had been given to secure that his religion obliged him to be blind to the wicked and unfeeling conduct of Leo, were very much would. The best room and the best attention that could be had were secured for the unfortunate Mercy, for the hapless sufferer. And Andrew met with his reward, for Mercy fully recovered, and when Leo came to claim his bride, he found large promised kindness to her, and found that she had not only lost the sparkling and jolly of her former days in his heart, but its most ardent love, she was possessed by the wife gentleness, which, from that time forward upon the bread breast to which Andrews had given her, she lifted her self streaming eyes in his face, saying,—

"I will be yours, and love you faithfully and truly as long as I live, but God shall give me life."

Meantime Caudus had long been the happy husband of Anna, and their days and years had flown away upward in life. Anna was skillful in all the departments of housewifery, and was possessed of a most delightful temper, which, from the time of her marriage, was never ruffled. Yet she was not mean. Never was there a husband who, from the time of his marriage to a day, Anna's husband was called, and good and well prepared food (the truth must be confessed) was always on the table. Caudus was pleased also with the affection of most men. A man can't help loving a wife who is always pleased to give him something good to eat. The fortunes of Caudus were also increased steadily, though not very rapidly, improving, and unto their family were added, in course of time, two sons and three daughters. They had their griefs and troubles, but were as happy as it is well for people to be in this life. But with Leo, how different was it! His wife was a born and loved lady, with a fortune of her own—a very pretty one, and one which she would trouble herself much about household affairs. She always intended to do so, and sometimes—a good cook especially—and as a general thing she did so; but good cooks are wonderfully apt to be ill-natured, and sometimes Leo's dinner table or willing it, takes cook's place, as that in which he generally happened to dine. Leo was rich, and But Leo was proud, and, in some directions, selfish. He decided to have his wife feel as much dependent on her. She was a lady, and she never mentioned the fortune to which she had become heiress; but then was a brother, a poor but acute blue eyes which told him that she thought of it. The fact was, she had her suspicions that Leo had married her more for money than for love. She had heard him, when tooling restlessly in his drop, matter a name—she could not tell what it was, but it certainly was not hers, and after this there was a singularity in her manner towards him which he attributed to her want of respect for a poor, dependent husband. This guided him on to the most broken and even imprudent efforts to become rich. He rushed into business, living recklessly into first one speculation and then another, until he was up to his ears in confusion and losses. He had no time now for making or for anybody; he hurried here and, he hurried there, and Leo, it sometimes makes me afraid that I am mad, or shall soon become so."

"Oh! hush, dear Mercy! do not talk in that sad way. Listen to me, now. I am not prepared to take you home with me to-night. It would not do, and I want you to be a good girl, and be ruled by me, as you have always love to be ruled by me, Mercy?" and the traitor kissed her.

"I'm, indeed, darling Leo, I love to obey your every wish. I would find much real difficulty in obeying all the will of my God."

Then there followed a scene from those those beautiful, quaintest eyes into the eyes of Leo.

A wreath of agony at the strong man's heart strings told him how he yearned for what he had willfully cast aside; he felt confident in his own mind that were he true to his Mercy home with him, the humanity which had made her its victim would soon be charmed away. He thought he had brought this we upon the gentle being who was now so happily nestling in his bosom, and whose alone he loved, he was not to be permitted to minister to her relief.

There was desperation in the thought, but it must be struggled with and overcome. Before he left her, however, Leo did allume, Leo did, while he softly passed his hand over the white face and head of her he held—

"I know you loved to please me, my sweet Mercy, and that I will tell you what I want you to do. Go back with me to the place from which you escaped in such an excited manner, and remain there for a few days, until I can come and visit you openly and honorably. Will you do this, sweet girl, and wait happily for my return. I will come to you at the very first moment that I can get away from those with me. Will you do as I desire?"

"Why should I not?" said the maniac, in a willing, contented tone.

"Then, darling, one hour's talk, and a hundred fond kisses and embraces Leo prevailed upon Mercy to go back and leave him once more in front of the asylum. This meeting, though it worked as much for a cure as for a disease, was productive of great blessing to the maniac. For a year she veiled patiently and happily her wild affections, and at the end of that time Leo began to mend so rapidly that her mother was permitted to take her to her own home. It was now not long ere the entire restoration of her reason. Leo and Mercy, in her very height of happiness, delight of *avatar* person, she seemed now to have no regret at all for the past, but to live in the present entirely; and once, when she heard a person say that he was killing himself by almost constant study, she looked up in Leo's face with his proud with in the style to which she was accustomed, and exclaimed, "Oh, Leo, how glad I am that Mercy smiled pleasantly, though compassionately, upon me!"

"Poor Leo! I am afraid he is not much happier than the poor cottage girl whom he loved before."

After this Mercy was considered to have fully recovered from her illness, and most unhappy love. And now it was that Mr. Andrews, kinds-hearted, jolly Andrews, came forward to do his duty, and tell to Mercy the hopes and wishes that he so long had cherished. Mercy, in her unsophisticated way, had been interested in her welfare. During the illness of Leo, and, indeed, ever since, he had been so lonesome, and her originality ways and always pleasant words had won upon his regard. He had repeatedly informed his wife that he considered Mercy the most delightful young lady in the world, and that her for a wife would get a woman who was worth her weight in gold, which was more than could be said of many. He found that there was an attachment springing up between Mercy and Leo, he felt great satisfaction, for he was very much attached to both "the De Wolf boys." His astonishment, therefore, was great when he found that Leo, and the consequent insanity of poor Mercy, were brought about by his own hand, and that all the expenses of Mercy's stay in the asylum, and the liberal fees which had been given to secure that his religion obliged him to be blind to the wicked and unfeeling conduct of Leo, were very much would. The best room and the best attention that could be had were secured for the unfortunate Mercy, for the hapless sufferer. And Andrew met with his reward, for Mercy fully recovered, and when Leo came to claim his bride, he found large promised kindness to her, and found that she had not only lost the sparkling and jolly of her former days in her

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5; four copies, $10; eight copies, $15. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. The money must be sent in all for a club of eight copies, (as soon as one is,) and be mailed to, a copy (single copy) will be sent for every dollar received above eight. Specimen numbers sent free. Subscribers can send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The name of the subscriber, and the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. Any party presents himself to act as such for us can put on his coat as a swindler.

REMITTED MONEY.—We will not return remitted money.

CITY MIGRATION—A WANT.

"Westward," said Bishop Berkley, "the star of empire bend its way." So it does and so it will as well as in the Union at large. The eastern side of the city has long been falling into decay, and the inventors of which are prejudice and fashion. If one wishes to buy or rent—but, if he be "well to do in the world," he casts his eye westward of the central line of Manhattan Island. Lexington Avenue is the main boundary, the rest and, toward the sun's rising, he will not pitch his tent. The consequence is that rich and real estate are a good per centage higher westward than they are on the east side of the city, and why there is not the least difference in the eligibility of the two regions, so far as convenience, healthiness, and real use are concerned, but in ninety-nine cases in the hundred, the greater evil or real advantage to the East, the West rains in price and popular favor.

What is the cause of this? Prejudice and fashion, mainly. The cry is that "butchers or the Dutch" have taken possession of the eastern part of the city. Well, suppose they have; are not our most genuine, aristocratic Knickerbockers descendants of the Dutch? And did not their poor and prudent ancestors pave the way for the rich inheritances of their descendants, by selecting the best garden-spots and sites for corner groceries, and not to not have proved equal to this day that their vegue where the Dutch go? The influx of a thrifty, industrious class of citizens, ought not to lessen the value of a section of a city. The Dutch have, unquestionably, occupied the best side of the town, but their bravest has not been usually violently, and they most generally use superior element to have thus almost universally quoted all other portions.

But these do use of anything; other people are disliked, and the result of dislike is to depress. Whether it be that the atmosphere is too redolent of the flavor of pickles, garlic and lager bier, or that the Dutch are as a species dull, and have not to be competing with them in trade and traffic, is more than we venture; but it is a fact that whole blocks and streets once the most fashionable and popular, are now occupied by the class known as the "Dutchest." Palatial houses have been thereby shillaha down to rents of two-thirds of their old value, and no rush or excitement can reverse prices. Ten years ago, who would have lived on the Fifth Avenue or Fourteenth street, in preference to Bond street or St. Mark's Place? Now, the wide street of the former, and the quiet one in the former places, compared with the latter.

The Dutch have not quite invaded Bond street, but they are up and down it. Mr. Astor's house on the other of the fine old houses all through that northeastern region, is abandoned to boarding and similar tenement purposes. The Bond st. end of the city grows more and more neither and objectionable to fashion, and the West seems daily more exalted. On the one side is "St. Germain," and on the other side "St. Antoine." Pure and fine air, the Park and pig-tails and blouses to the East.

Your people follow, and, in this way, as with his wife and children to care for, having a certain medium of the popular taste, is mightily inconvenienced by the rents of the old fashioned city, confined to desirable and unobjectionable residences, and the result is that the city grows more and more neither and objectionable to fashion, and the West seems daily more exalted.

On the one side is "St. Germain," and on the other side "St. Antoine." Pure and fine air, the Park and pig-tails and blouses to the East.

Your people follow, and, in this way, as with his wife and children to care for, having a certain medium of the popular taste, is mightily inconvenienced by the rents of the old fashioned city, confined to desirable and unobjectionable residences, and the result is that the city grows more and more neither and objectionable to fashion, and the West seems daily more exalted.

We are by our exchange papers, that such cases as the above are becoming the general portion of the city. The miserable infatuation of "spiritualism" is the cause of it almost entirely. We could get along with that side rules, but he desires to mingle with society of his taste and means. He has not not afford to board in decent style at West side prices, nor can he afford to maintain a house, being out of the question—a house with "all the modern improvements," without going beyond his means, and he and his wife are agreed that "at home was not large enough for two families;" and when he searches for the smallest "respectable house" he can find in a "good neighborhood," he finds it (and families invariably being in especial demand) just about as high, and far more cruelly than a hotel or boarding house, and of this sort of folk, verging upon the "genteel" in their aspirations, there is a new order of residence in wanted. For instance, a kind of Paris arrangement of several suites of rooms under one roof, where rent will be reduced, and families still have all the privacy and independence of separate arrangement of several suites of rooms under one roof, where rent will be reduced, and families still have all the privacy and independence of separate establishments. A number of buildings of this structure, thus divided up into family lodgings, at the West side, would be immensely popular, and at once, and pay the capitalist and landlord far better than present fashionable tenement investments.

REVOLUTION IN DRINKS.

No intelligent American can travel over the Continent of Europe, without the liveliest feeling portion, or even in England and Scotland, away from the glasshouses of their wine-pots and cruets, without remarking the absence of drunkenness, as compared with the results of similar observation in this country. It is equally so in the West Indies, South America, and those portions of Asia, where wines, and other high beverages, are freely used. The fiction quaffs his ale and porter, and derives thereon without injury to mouth, heart, or brain; the German drinks his "lager" and light wines, and losing no whit of health or force, is made the more pleasantly hilarious thereby; the Frenchman and Italian use the juice of the grape freely, with but infrequent intoxication, while the Turk, and the nations further East, drain the Sherbet bowl, and honor the command of the Prophet Islam, to "keep sober."

In our country, heretofore, more than in any other, has real bestial drunkenness prevailed; a fact attributable mainly to the general indigestion in heavy and much drugged alcoholic drinks—a majority of brandy being nothing else. This has been owing partly to custom, but more to the absence of cheap wines, and the unfashionableness of drinking malt liquors. The Americans has scorned the "brew," because it was a British beverage, and it is only recently that a Yankee has look upon "lager" as other than a sort of German and enough for "dutchmen." It is rapidly becoming fashionable, and more cheap for Americans.

There has been, however, a most noticeable revolution in drinking ideas and fashions within the last dozen years past, a revolution general and beneficial, and decided, before it is concluding, to do more for practical temperance, than all the legislation and moral books. In years past, we venture to say, our city has been more freely given to alcoholic drinks than any other of its size in the world, and has produced as long drunkard lists. "Good liquor" was the sign of any thing but wine, and the fashion from the lowest loggery to the most elegant saloons. Old and young took to brandy, gin, or whiskey, according to means. Ale, porter, and "lager" were ostracized by the certain-stomached Yankee. Our great drinking habits were noticed and commented upon by all foreign writers who visited our shores.

The introduction of malt liquors, now fashionable and in general use, has markedly revolutionized our American record of drunkenness, and though it may be true that the "brew" is capable of intoxicating, and does sometimes intoxicate, and though we are for temperance altogether—let us act up to the principle—temperance in the devil his due," and credit malt liquors for the great and useful triumph in behalf of temperance they have won over alcoholic drinks. What somepeople want they get, they have done, and the public receive the benefit.

"JUDGMENT SUSPENDED."

These words are not unfrequently found in our criminal law reports. They will be understood to mean that the accused, after being convicted by the judge, with the understanding that, if ever brought up again, and proper cause for it be shown, he will receive a punishment commensurate with the offence which he has already committed, and for which convicted.

Now this sounds very merciful, certainly, and it does not on the face, seem to militate against justice, necessarily. But we are nevertheless inclined to doubt the utility of the system. In the first place, cases where such a mode of expressing judicial clemency is employed—for example, a conviction for perpetrator of a first crime is very young and inexperienced. And then, in the next place, the punishment calculated to encourage crime.

The great object to be attained in criminal jurisprudence is certainty of punishment, and the fixing of the impression upon the criminally disposed, that *some penalty will surely follow conviction*. Of what worth of this is the crying evil of the day, in this department of public affairs. What worth are the "judgment suspended" are but too well calculated to increase and aggravate it.

Coupled with the announcement of "judgment suspended," is sometimes accompanied the fine of the State. This, if obeyed, as it often is not in crime, takes away all dread of the suspended sword of justice, because removing the criminal from the jurisdiction of the court in which he can be called to inflict the suspended penalty, and in which alone there is, anywhere, any result of a crime.

In this vice we are brought to question, on very tenable grounds, the expediency of these "judgment suspended" acts. Are they not merely a fine to sit on something more definite and certain, where mercy is called for at all, and where mercy and justice could it be worse, even if woman had a finger in it. Our country has its share of the evil of forgiving, jointly fearing their tender sensibilities and their confidence in them to interpose to prevent such false politics; it would certainly be made to its utmost extent, if woman were allowed to vote.

I should dislike to apply the term coward to that unfortunate class of men who are forgetting that of "talent," for as Government is conserved, while ruffians, who can neither read nor write, have the power to vote as well as those to the help of fool rum. In Heaven's name, if they will but do it, let women vote, and let the full force of intelligence and their manhood, at least let them have the right to vote, when the ignorant and the children may be allowed an intelligent and intelligible vote.

Has this will be brought about I do not know; that it is only a question of time I am very sure. That it will be done peacefully, as the great peaceful committal peddlings, or committal babies' and "babies" are settled, I do not believe. Will there be much "talk politics?" it would certainly be made to its utmost by men, as compared to the everyday "he" or "he divine ribbons" and "adonis" of the young ladies of the present day, and the Lucy Stone obnoxious names. I have not the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, and I am sure, even I should be, in the event of such a sheriff, but I have read, and do endorse, her public and private character. Woman voting, and woman such men as Beauly, Curtis, Chapin and others, and attending carefully by her side at the polls, the question.

FANNY FERN.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

Tolerant as any one might strive to be towards man as a religious being, he will, however, never be able to feel the least toleration for infidelity in woman. "An infidel woman!" Who can bear to hear the thought even expressed?

Christianity has done so much for woman, that she herself stands in the light—for her, Christianity rather, shall we not say?—of the direct gratitude, to which she owes her position as the ruling power. We will not say of "ability," for in woman's case it is rather a gift. The gift of the heart, and not a plant, as it has ever proved itself to be! "An effectual woman?"—a woman without a God?

Under Pagandom woman was worse than a cypher. She was a slave, and, in the lowest ranks among the barbarous and savage tribes of the earth, she is a slave still, and, indeed, in the Mohammedan country, if at all, better. In some respects it has been made even worse. In the early times when customs and laws have taken their rise and date from the doctrines of the "lowly Nazarene," that woman has risen to any thing like her heaven-appointed station—that of the equal as well as the companion of man.

The New Testament is woman's magna charta. Much yet remains to be done for the application of its blessed principles to her interests. As they come to be more and more applied, through ameliorated social customs and laws, the Christian woman, in her various sacred relations to man—as daughter, sister, wife, mother—shall rise higher and higher in deeds befitting her sacred-like mission!

CARICATURES—WHAT I SAW.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

You only see them now in the gazette of homes in country towns, or on the walls of New England farm-houses. The "Rosa," and "James," and "Matilda" of ten and twenty years ago are giving place to things better worth looking at. I, for one, am glad of it. Had I liked the senseless dolls themselves. On the contrary, they always used to exasperate me, with their pink cheeks, and their bellicose ropes of black curls that looked exactly as if they had been baked in a mould. I used to be on the point of throwing the shovel and tongs at them, a dozen times a day, when I happened to look up and catch a glimpse of the unnerving, scrutinyzed smile upon their faces. Yet do not take them down from the old walls. We shall all feel as if we had lost some of our humblest friends. They have served to while away many a lonely hour, and may lighten many more. Let the "Rosas" and "Matildas" stay. Perhaps the new "Rosas" and "Matildas" may be better—and every one acknowledges the worth and wisdom of the old saying—"Of two evils, choose the least."

There is another style of picture yet in vogue, which I confess may be put soon in some of the cheap and picture book-stores in New York. Grandmamma's bonnet for its dearer old friend. I have often measured up there of a warm April day, gazing into the windows as I went along. And there was a perennial wonder attract my eyes. One was called "The Proposal," and represented a lover lying in a prostrate attitude at his lady's feet, while coat several degrees tighter than his chin, down which he knew upon a young lady all in white. (of course,) whose saliors ringlets, if estimated by the number of curls, must be an invaluable treasure to any one wishing to sniff emblems. The painter's art evidently gave out at this stage of the proceedings. But in the companion picture, which was called "Engaged," he had taken a fresh start, and had given them taking room in a rustic seat, in a green and shady lane, gazing tenderly at each other. Another picture shows just a shy of a fish or other artist ever dared approach. If I believed in spiritualism, I should say that the ghost of that foolish couple, had existence anywhere except in the painting, I should listen at once to the sighs and groans of the lovers, and exclaim in this way—but the more I think of it, the more firmly I am convinced that the designer had a sculking wife, and ever so many crying children, and only painted the former to get rid of the latter. Besides, being the fable of the fox who got caught in the trap, my conscience will neither let me, nor will I pulverize the unfortunate coal merchant with a single glance!

I can recall the sculptural subjects. What lessons of piety can such ridiculous things ever inculcate! I do not see them in Broadway, but I know that I may a picture of him, in the "square room" of a house in Pennsylvania. His father sat at a table, on which were several bags of money. Around it appeared to be a number of bank notes, while the Prodigal wore a huge pruning, and had face ruffle around his wrist. That atrocious note was the only true illustration of the beautiful Scriptures contained in the Book of books! Is it from the fact of their ignorance that dealers sell such gross blunders. Let such caricatures be burned at once. They are worse than the Inquisition.

Lastly, in the catalogue of old pictures, come the portraits of people of whom we know nothing, and for whom we care less. What a set of "Grays" and "Browns" and "Smiths" and "Joneses" and foolish misfits are on the faces; what would-be great men, and stupendous idiots could fashion.

Oh dear—how will our portraits look a hundred years from now, to those who come after us? Will they laugh at us, and criticise us? Or, more likely, will they not be ashamed of us, and wonder how we could have been such fools as to have—(meaning our bonnets, dear ladies)—worn the? It is enough to make one shudder at the thought. Would it not be wiser to destroy such useless memorials of our folly before we die, rather than be made the laughing-stock of the next generation?

I think so. And let them waste their visible powers—if indeed they can spend time to have their portraits taken by which will be "faster" than our own!—over the contemplation of these hideous things of which I have spoken, and which, I trust, will then be so defaced and changed by time as to be unrecognizable. Then as veritable "antiques" and for more deserving of the name, it may be, than many dear ancestors, at the present day, they will prize only to be believed by King Midas, who turned all he touched to gold.

A CAUTION TO CONCEITED YOUNG MEN.

A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in this city for some months past, and wondered himself exceedingly much looked upon a saving and fascinating, but a dead coast upon the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady of this city, who resided in the same house with him. After a prolonged siege, the lady succumbed, and they were married on a Wednesday morning. That same afternoon, the "young wife" left her and exhibited to the astonished gaze of "beautiful little daughter," three and a half years of age. "Good heavens! then you were a widow!" exclaimed the young husband in surprise.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest. Interrupted Augustus, Jonathan Rourke will receive from the country, and then I shall have all things together once more." The unhappy young youth replied not a word. His feelings were too deep for expression. The next day the "other dear knight" arrived. Reuben was six years old, James nine, and Augustus a many boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear that they had a "new papa," *because they could now live at home, and have all the things they needed*, and they "were happy," as soon as he could speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia. "Well, no!" said the happy mother; "they have a father and I have quite a different set of men from my *second*—complexion, temperament, color of hair and eyes, all different." This was too much for the poor young man. He could bear his blighted hopes, and the astounded step-father of four children. "But the fortune," thought he: "that will make amends." He spoke of her property. "Yes, my dear," she said, she is the Roman matron style, pointing to her children. The conceit was now quite taken out of the young man's system. Seeing that he had made a most complete goose of himself, at once retired to a farm in his native State, where he could have a chance to render his "hope" useful, and make them serve for the deceit practiced upon him by their mother.

HUMANITY.—A dry sort of genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in the world. The ordinary fool. Said. The fool who is one and don't know it. Sd. The fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

CONCEIT is taking ourselves at our own valuation, generally about fifty per cent above the fair worth. However there may be fools who think that is pulled up her own chowder-head, but, if we may swap the little now a days, it is only that we may take a larger instrument of music, and more room to accommodate. Empty casks are the most prone to roar above their proper sphere like paper kites, and the emptier the head the more room it takes up. Ideas are rather stored away in prose to sharpening the lawyer's token cranks, which are the tops of the more risky and dainty they are freighted. The more lumber hold conceived when its ears are filled, but when the heads of the conceited are filled with nothing, they carry all them up the harbor.

The power of love consists mainly in the privileges which that passionate possession of raising, elevating, and making current those falsehoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment either between man or man, or woman and woman.

"For should," said an old gentleman rather nervously to his wife, "be exhausted, "whistle my return as well as my brother." But, sir, the intruders of the fields keeps up so very busy that we have no time to imitate the writers—or even to answer them.

MANY men are very entertaining as a first introduction, but then they are exhausted; at a second meeting we find them flat and unprofitable, and at a third meeting we are heart of our dear friends, and we wonder how interesting they are not easily saw bestrode.

"I'm tired of hearing of it, I can tell you, my lad," said a man, with a threatening shake of his fist, to a little urchin, whose friend of some one else's success and satisfying, for it is the way I usually call such matters to mind.

A TEXAS editor complains that, while chopping wood a few days ago, he cut his foot with the second split it in two. As he has now a dozen feet, no doubt he can afford to lose one.

ONE of the Moravian editors in Deseret says that he has been to see the Mormon Prophet Brigham and Elder Kimball, whom he calls "a fine host." We fear that the Mormon system prevents us call them as they are.

It is said that, in one of the interior towns of Massachusetts, there is a man who is over one hundred years of age. The yield of gold ought to be abundant where natives are so long-lived.

LOTTERY, whose only desire is to take long and uninterrupted naps, is said to be in a state of slumber-ing, after marriage, that they cannot subsist on sweetness.

A MAN lately married recently in a hotel-room in Chicago. The mother remembered it with tender care. The bridegroom has been to the hotel ever since—and he can't pay.

"You don't seem to know how to take me," said a fop to a young lady, as he was about to kiss her. "Oh, I do," said the gentleman, taking him by the nose.

"Now, Sambo, what is a conundrum?" "Indeed, I am sir?" "What is the matter?" "If here a very much up?" "Oh, Sambo, you're a fool."

A LADY'S drawing-room is that in which she receives company; an artist's, that in which he makes pictures; and a gentleman's, that in which he sits.

HUMAN life in one great Saturday, in which the children of men are all paid off, and receive their own wages, and nothing things in order for a holiday.

A MAN is not necessarily a gentleman in every city upon decidedly grave charges. They were charges to be proved.

EXCESSIVELY polite ladies shake the lips of each other. Those who are not so very much shake others' hands.

In literature, our taste will be discovered by the quality of the ink we manufacture to us that which we write.

AN effective editor speaks for himself. How much has such a copper-head as he to say for himself!

THE morals of servant girls must be very bad, for they are always "out" when wanted, and "in" when not.

"TOMMY, how's your folks?" "All well but Grandma, and she's got the worst sore throat."

"IS that clock right over there?" asked a visitor. "Right over there? Certainly, I should think so."

YOU needn't try to make pork out of pigiron, because a shoemaker by trading cherry cobbler.

A MAN is never so like a beggar as when he is head on one side and a nail on the other.

THE most valuable part of your health is to be all the time drinking that of other folk.

"WHAT is the matter, my dear, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, sir. I don't want it, I'm sure."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A SAILOR died recently in Texas, and on his death-bed confessed that he was the author of the "Burning of Moscow," which was published in the Ledger. Mrs. Alston was the famous favorite daughter, Theodosia, who was lost at sea. Her husband was Governor of South Carolina, a large, and on the trip she ever sanitized, according to the custom of the time, a large number of invalids and other passengers. Mrs. Alston being the last one to seek the boat.

A NEW morning since a gentleman of this city was walking down Broadway, at the corner of Chambers' shop near by (in sixth street near 6th Avenue) to get a $20 bill changed. He entered the store, and requested the favor required. It was granted by a man, with a large Newfoundland dog, who offered the change. The gentleman refused to take it, and the dog, who had evidently decamped, and has not been seen since.

A young gentleman of this city recently received four thousand one hundred and twelve dollars and seventy-five cents ($4,112.75) from a relative, who, some unknown person who had in some time or other defrauded them out of that amount. The gentleman, surprised by receiving something without the trouble, but were willing to believe it was the result of honesty.

A LADY in Boston, who had surrendered herself to the embraces of Morpheus, was aroused by a violent ringing of the door-bell, and by the cries of "Fire!" Hastily dressing herself, she was met by a man, with a large fire-engine, who, finding that he had made a mistake, immediately commenced to call them in the right direction.

THE bridal gifts offered by the Prince of Wales, King of Portugal, to his future queen, cost the country $4,000. The Prince of Wales is to be married on the 10th inst. Gentlemen should worth $4,000; one less dress, with flounces, and the Prince of Wales will be married, and some other king will be married.

A CHATTOOT, little girl, named Williams, living at Northfield, Vt., was recently bending over a tub of water, when her head fell into the water and she was drowned. Her sister of the tub first over and held the poor little creature's head under water until she was drowned.

THE largest rail ever known recently left the Rolling Mill at Wyandotte, Michigan, for the road above the Mississippi to St. Louis. It was five hundred and sixty feet long, weighed one hundred and seventy-five and sixteen feet of timber.

A LAW has been passed by the British Parliament, making it a tax on all persons keeping dogs, which draws by a license. It is supposed that this will have a tendency to lessen the number of dogs, and to promote humanity.

A GOOD couple of gold, one weighing ten, and the other three and a half pounds, were recently taken from a mine, recently opened, in Washington, the property of a gentleman. His parents were unexpected, and the boy was the most surprised person in the whole country.

A NEW morning since a large bear came into Broadway, and, finding that he had made a mistake, he passed back into the barn yard, took a sheep from the pen, and went off to the mountains.

JOHN HEDGMAN, a boy sixteen years of age, was recently killed, in Oswego, by a large wheel.

"THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK," is the title of a very curious and entertaining volume just issued by Dick & Fitzgerald. It is beautifully illustrated, and the tricks it describes, and the curiosities of Chemistry, Mathematics, Geology, Natural History, Astronomy, Electricity, Galvanism, Clairvoyance, Amphitrite, Crystals and Optics, are full of interest and instruction. Send one dollar to Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, New York, and they will send the book to you by mail.

"NO!"

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O Genius of the thrice tongue !—
With ringing trumpet, sweet as birds,
Make platoons by a Widow's thought,
And ravish by a Mitre's utterance,
What word of all the golden words
Is richest on thy opulent scroll?
What word at all thy weight'ry words
Should stir the deepest in the soul?—
With uttered love and eyes aglow,
I hear thee answer, " What word ? *No !* "

II.

My brother ! let us ponder well
The weapon of her lovin' reply,
And see if in its starting core
Is hidden aught of wounding lye.
If there is it does vanish happy be,
To hold ceremonious on that Worth,
That sings trust of blood, and name
To thee or to the mother Earth,
What word from thee at once should flow?
You answer, too! has told me—*No !*

III.

When Pleasure, with her wreathing coats,
And Passion lover with rose curbed,
And others flag above her couch
By Beauty's softest air satisfied,
Shall whisper, " Sin, oh, sin how stern
Is that which bids thee from us turn!
Then take if thou wouldst happy be
This glittering goblet from my hands!—
Think of the serpent at the bottom!
And firmly give thy answer—*No !*"

IV.

When some beloved friend, a friend
Dear as the ruby drops that roll
With life's own thrilling flame along
The rivers of the heart and soul,
When he shall ask for aid from thee,
Or when from thee some one a wrong
Would have through that one's lost
An alien to his heart create,
What answer for thy life should go?—
Ah just before I'm coarse—*No !* "

V.

When old Ambition, whose bold hand
Would even grasp the world's rule
That were away the very vain
That bids the sources of life grow,
When he shall fire thy panting soul,
And cry of wrestle—it hide word
Nor blasting for thy fellow men,
Of all that can exhibit hate,"—
O! stand thy soul yet, yes to grow,
And publish to the universe—*No !*

VI.

O Genius of this Sacra singing!
Whose voice is mighty as the Sea's,
Who rules in its descending triumph
Of Nature's wildest and best love,
Again I see the word that is
Again I see the word that is
Over the Present, marking well
The weakness of the Future's sense;
Again, again, with eyes aglow,
I hear thee answer, " What word? *no !* "

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XLVI.

OUR OLD FRIEND JACK MADDEN.

It was a fortunate day for the heroine of our tale that the union of Sir Charles and Lady Fountleroy was celebrated by him ; and that having children of their own would in any respect have altered the sentiments they had come to of protecting her; but it must naturally have proved a bar to her creeping as she did into their hearts—engrossing their love and tenderness as any child might have engrossed those of her parents.

There is something wonderfully beautiful in the desire of loving and being beloved, which nature has implanted in us all, but more especially in the frail it is very position of life: the ignorant and learned, the cruel and refined, are equally sensible of its influence. Even devotion is but a phase, though the holiest one, of this all-absorbing passion. Both of the gentleman and lady whom Mr. Madden took to them who taught her. Never had they encountered a more docile and affectionate disciple ; it was like one of those luxuriant plants which admit of being trained, but, bend them as you will, can only take a graceful form.

From being frail, Sir Charles became proud of her, and his wife felt a gratification at seeing her unselfish in her opening beauty and expanding mind, that, had she been her own child, it could not have been more sincere.

In India children speedily develope girlhood into womanhood, although from lack of proper education or mental discipline, too frequently a woman's book of practice, remains an ambition, without religion or principle to sustain it. No wonder that it quickly withers, like the flower which all too soon forced into untimely bloom—an ephemeral existence which it cannot prolong, although it may use-less but for more ornament.

Lillian, at the age of fifteen, was almost womanly in her person ; but that we have already described. We must now say something of her mind, which, thanks to the care and affectionate solicitude of her guardians, was stored with an amount of information, both extensive and that which is far better, high and virtuous principles, than nineteen of the age, who breathed their first fostering incense in her ear, could appreciate, or the beauties, who envied and hated her, believed had ever fallen to the share of any one of their sex.

We have alluded to the ingenuous pride Richard upon our hero by the loveliness of Lillian ; no wonder, therefore that he eagerly embraced the opportunity which the good opinion of Sir Charles and his lady entertained of him by visiting frequently at their mansion. Scarcely a party took place without him ; and Lady Bell, at last, became so used to him—to the great annoyance of Darrell, who fancied himself in love with the orphan —he was consulted on every scheme of pleasure ; no one being considered perfect without him.

Delightful as this intercourse was, and heavily as he appeared to relish it, there was one peculiarity which hindered and with more than once remarked—and that was his increasing attention to business. No matter how tempting the invitation, Richard Tyrrell never suffered himself to be drawn from the counting-house of Mr. Chaloner, where he worked hours. For one reported to be rich, this continuance application seemed remarkable.

To our readers who are already aware of the holiness of his motive—the vindication of his father's fame—it will not appear in the least surprising. Mr. Sanford meditated, like others, upon the peculiarity at first ; but soon found it so useful that he ceased to think of it. Evidently the boy

THE INVITATION.

was not actuated by any sinister motive, and he somewhat contemptuously considered him when he first had the honor of making his acquaintance, had a taste for commercial affairs ; and as the volunteer scene as exceedingly beautiful hand, a great portion of the correspondence was gradually left to him.

For one so young, our hero acted with no ordinary prudence : he never expressed a desire to be employed in any one department peculiarly ; Letters, accounts, bills, securities, any duty which came in his way, he attended to them all.

On more than one occasion he had seen the confidential clerk change color, and with difficulty suppress the annoyance he felt, whenever a Parsee

billbroker, named Haizee Mendwadie, called at the office. No matter what affair might be upon the tapis, or how closely he was pressed, it was set aside in order to attend to him. This obsequiousness at length became so remarkable that Mr. Chaloner one day observed.

"Here you are private speculations," he demanded, "with that old rascal, Haizee !"

"You know, sir, that by the terms of our arrangements I am forbidden to enter into any transactions on my own account."

"I am aware of that, but the head of the firm was perfectly aware that, like every other speculation, it might be easily avoided.

"Don't trust that rascally proxus with my best so far," replied his companion.

"But you might drive round and take me up there."

This arrangement was agreed upon ; and having done, by a little pressure of mind, got rid of the only person to whom it was dangerous his real name should be known, our hero very quietly ordered the men to pursue their way.

On reaching the watering-place, he directed Bance to quit the boat and follow him.

The old man did so.

"Now, you have something to say to me," he observed, when they stood together on the top step. "I should think I has," answered the old sailor, knowingly.

CHAPTER XLVII.

JACK'S SNARE.

It would be difficult to paint the astonishment of our hero on hearing the name of his old companion and playfellow, Jack, pronounced in that distant land, and under such peculiar circumstances. He had never forgotten the kind, the natural goodness of his disposition, his generosity and lighthearteness ; and had many times forgiven the attempt to lure him to the path of crime, in consideration of the motive.

The position in which he was placed compelled him to be careful, if not to act with prudence because that the name of his father should not transpire ; but he was to would at once have demanded news from Jack.

"Now, my man," he said, to regarding the old sailor, "what have you to have something to impart to me?"

"You my well say that, your honor," replied the sea-lawyer, giving his trousers that peculiar hitch which always serves to an indispensable preliminary to every seaman in arranging his ideas. "In the first place, did you ever know Jack Maudon?"

"I have certainly heard the name," said Richard, with a smile.

"That's what I call a *judicial answer*," observed Bance—particularly when you have something to say ; but no doubt your honor knows best. I ain't no great hand at lawyers, whatever ; I may be of those of my own craft."

"Well, then, I do know him."

"That's hearty !" exclaimed the old man, giving himself a violent slap on the thigh. "I knowed as much, suppose. " What ! all plain sailing. I can understand the rest. Maybe," he continued, at the same time peering curiously into his face, "you has heard, mind, if you see him on a lee shore, stretching out his hand for a rope's end, to serve him ?"

"On my shore," replied our hero, warmly ; "I owe him my life."

"In that devil's craft," whispered the old man, looking over his shoulder down the river, in the direction of the Cuzdone.

"Has your honor just visited?"

"Exactly."

"Why do you call it the devil's craft ; and why did he not speak to me? He must have recognized me."

"He *supposed* you, but, can't *say*," replied Bance, delighted to display his knowledge of the meaning of the word. "I best prehaps that poor lad didn't know whether your honor'd care to 'cognize him. Besides, if he'd 'cognized me, and seen him speaking to you, it would only have put him on his guard."

His voyage to India had given the honest sailor-cient insight into sea phraseology to explain what "skipper" meant.

"And why should he object?" he demanded.

"For the sake should find a fortune."

"Does he require one?" demanded Richard, eagerly ; "if so, I shall feel doubly thankful for my visit to the ship."

"Does he require one?" repeated Bance. "Does a poor fellow require a pair of fallen overboard and his vessel is under sail, require a lee-cage to be thrown to him? Why, he's in a fix, and no mistake ; battling with the waters that are yawning to engulf him. If ever a poor devil required help it's Jack Maudon does."

"I misunderstood you," observed the young man, more puzzled than ever by the peculiarity of the speaker ; "what has he done ?"

"Done nothing : he is an honest a lad as ever broke biscuit, for all the skipper says against him."

"I was a relief to see him," said Richard, a character of his former companion.

"He has been ill-used, as board the Cazdone," continued the sea-lawyer, " and treated worse nor a dog by the captain."

"Poor fellow !" exclaimed Richard ; " but can he not obtain redress?"

"He tried it in China, but the consul wouldn't listen to him. Force he was set from the ship at the Cape, but the magistrates gave him up."

"He is an oppressive, then ?"

"No, sir. Jack he never signed the 'skeme. I put him up to that trick. They have treated him like a dog, and he resolved to give a thrashed Mendwadie ; but it sin't broke his spirit."

"If Captain Gall has not legal power to detain him, we must endeavor to get him out of his hands," said his brave, indignantly. "I shall return at once on board and demand him."

"I should like to see you do it."

"Then I must apply to the authorities."

"Jack would be murdered before he could get back."

"What am I to do? How can I save him ?"

"I'll tell you," said the sea-lawyer, who had arranged his ideas to his satisfaction. "The skipper is sure to dine on shore."

"He is not here, Mr. Chaloner this evening," interrupted Richard.

"Very good, that makes it plain sailing," considered the sea-lawyer, with a view to giving a third hitch. "You have a dingie alongside to-wards shore?"

"But there are so many always rowing round the creek, can we be know which one ?"

The old man nodded as much as to say that he had considered that difficulty, and provided against it.

"At night the dingies walk—the name for the boat's crew—always have a light at the bow of the boat. Let yours carry one at the stern ; there will be no mistake then. I shall be on the first watch. Jack will only have to descend by one of the lanyard."

"I see—I comprehend."

"And will you do it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Why, then Heaven bless you, young gentleman, wherever you may be!" exclaimed the old man *joyfully*. "For you will perform a good action, and it will be registered in the great log book in your favor. Poor fellow, how his heart will be

"One would imagine," he added, "that you were partners."

Sanford looked *confused*, but remained silent. He knew the insolent boldness of the speaker ; he had a suspicion might lie dormant for years, and, unless roused by opposition, he only alluded to—not acted upon.

Lady Bell and her adopted daughter were seated in the morning room. It was about three weeks after the ball at the government house. Lillian was occupied at her tambour-frame, and her ladyship reading, when the butler entered with a note, which he presented to his mistress. It was one of those pretty, three-cornered ones, such as ladies are in the habit of writing to each other.

"That will do," said Lady Bell ; "you need not wait."

The man left the room.

"From Mrs. Chaloner," continued the speaker, handing it to her companion ; "an invitation for an excursion to her country house in the Bhia. I fear Sir Charles will not be able to accompany us."

"In that case," observed Lillian, "you will decline it."

"Well," replied her ladyship, "I can't see that I can conveniently refuse. I am quite old enough to venture into society with no other protection than my years."

"And virtues," she might have added.

"Would you not wish to accept it?"

The fair girl colored slightly.

"I am answered !" exclaimed her protectress, laughingly. "I see when a young lady blushes it is a sign that she is not quite so indifferent as she wishes the world to think. I have perceived this fact upon the subject to you before, but really Tyrrell's attentions are so marked, I was quite afraid to mention to mistake them."

This time Lillian colored more deeply than before.

"The other evening, when Darrell engaged you to dance with him, he looked so miserable that I really pitied him."

"My dear madam, dear and good as you are, may you not be mistaken? Mr. Tyrrell has never named the word love to me."

Lady Bell smiled.

"There are many things understood long before they are expressed," the maids answer ; and love is one of them. I am right ; I must be right ; for to suppose otherwise would be to pronounce the young man whom I esteem—I will even go further, and say I admire—capable of the most heartless coquetry."

"My dear," exclaimed Lillian ; "Mr. Tyrrell, I am certain, is incapable of that."

Here she hesitated, and commenced plying her needle for more assiduously than there appeared the slightest occasion for.

The kind-hearted woman rose from the settee, walked to her *protege*, placed her arm gently round her waist, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Put down your work," she said, "and let us have a little conversation ; by conversation I mean confidence. Speak as mother and child should speak—free, gay, and without disguise ; or if you prefer it, like two sisters."

"As mother and child," replied the object of her beauty, looking fondly in the same moment returning her caress. "I can have no secrets from you."

"You love Richard Tyrrell ?"

"I have never said I loved him," answered Lillian, modestly. "*Perhaps I might do so if he were to ask me* ; but I do not feel assured that is ever likely to be the case. The other evening, at Lady Fourcroi's ball, I overheard Dawlish remark to one of his brother officers that Tyrrell appeared very attentive to Mrs. Chaloner."

"Very ungraceful, my love, if he did not," observed her ladyship, with a smile, "and that one of the most charming women of my acquaintance —clever, although her education has been most carelessly neglected, and good—do you mark that, child ?"

"It was not the words, madame, but the look that accompanied them ; it was——"

"Yes, yes ; I understand all that. Dawlish is not the first man I have met with who can look the lie he has not the courage to speak—even a woman's reputation away. I have encountered a hundred such butterflies in my time. I gave poor peculiarism more credit. He is jealous."

"Of whom?"

"Of Tyrrell, and wanted you to hear his observations. Believe me that, like everything he does or says, it was not uttered without a purpose."

"If you think so——"

"I know it, because I know him," interrupted the lady, laughingly. "But let us drop the captain for the present, and speak of Richard Tyrrell. Have you forgotten the note she sent to me a day or two before the ball at the government house? I am sure you have not—nay more, would wager you can repeat every word of it."

Lillian did not deny the accusation.

"She requested me to hold you engaged to dance with Tyrrell, stating that young would be the lovelies face in the room. She was not wrong there," added the speaker, with almost maternal pride, "Excellent, do once more demand lovers' oaths."

"I do remember it."

"Well, I told you why she did not? Because she wished to avoid inflicting such pain on an old and jealous husband, whom she tried to respect if she cannot love. She has the secrets from me. Rely upon it, if she felt her heart touched by the approach even of so unworthy a passion, she would try the object of it. Mrs. Chaloner will never discover either the cause of rife or advise the heart."

"Still, mamma, you cannot deny that Mr. Tyrrell appears much more frank and unreserved with her than with me."

"He has had to have one and feels only a friendship for the other. You see no hesitation or reserve with me."

"That is a very different thing."

Lady Bell smiled gravely ; then breaking into a low laugh, observed,—

"Because I am an old married woman, I suppose."

"No," replied her adopted child, "but because you are my friend, and I have perfect confidence that I can stand comparison with him. You are the only relation in the world I ever saw worthy to be his wife."

These words were uttered with a truthfulness and sincerity which rendered them more than flattering to the heart of her hearer, who, as our readers will perceive, had long since made up her mind for a husband.

lightened, when I tell him that Providence has raised him up a friend."

"You may add one that it is a true one," said Richard, who felt interested and indignant at the tale of his former companion's and playfellow's sufferings; "one who is both able and willing to protect him. If your captain should be any means suspect your plan, and interfere with its accomplishment, do not despair: I shall at once enlist the interference of the Governor-General."

Mr. Burns gave a low whistle.

"Do all the land rules?" he thought.

"And now it is time," continued Richard, "that we part. Your commission to me is doubtless wondering as your stay. Give them this money to drink my health with. That will prevent all true Scotsmen mistaking."

"Lord love you, how well your honor knows us still!"

"And this," said our hero, offering him two or three pieces of gold, "is for yourself."

"Ah, you don't know us," added the sea-lawyer.

"Money for going, for saving your house or shore, or spinning a yarn or two to make a landman shore; all right enough; but for having served a comrade—no. No! And as the blue-jackets say, they don't sell their services."

"You are an honest fellow," exclaimed Richard Tyrrell, replacing the money in his purse, for he saw that the old man really meant it. "Give me your hand."

He, Isaac, whose ideas of propriety were extremely delicate, extended his hand, but not till he had rubbed the palm several times on his trousers. The request gratified him more than gold could have done.

"I think you know us, sirrer all," said the old man, haltingly. "Remember to-night, and don't lump—no!"

"At the store," replied our hero, finishing the sentence for him; "you see I have not forgotten your instructions."

"That youngster deserves to command a twenty-four, and to have me for his lieutenant," exclaimed the sea-lawyer, as the object of his admiration drove off. "Poor Jack! how he will miss his highland. All for the best, all for the best."

And the speaker descended the steps of the ghaut, singing a verse of Dibdin's well-known popular song:

"Behind a tree a little thrush that sate on mossy bed,
Its last expected note to the last of poor Jack Rose."

And so we right. Each man has a charge to watch over him, to guide him in danger, and preserve him from the wreaks and wrecks of pastime—if he would listen to its voice.

"What have you been after?" demanded Marplin, a sailor who was in the pay of Captain Gell.

Bunce smiled.

"Why, we have waited nearly an hour!" added the fellow, sullenly.

"I've been splicing him a yarn."

The rest of the crew laughed; they knew and appreciated the speaker's talent in that peculiar line. Martin, on the contrary, repeated the words, suspiciously:

"You" continued the old man, showing the money, "and this is what he has given me for the crew?"

There was a general cheer.

The spy had nothing more to say. Of course, after such a proof even his suspicions were silenced. All he did was to mentally blame himself that he had not gone up the ghaut with the young handsome himself; and he resolved, if he ever came on board the Canduke again, to show him particular attention.

In high glee with the success of his mission, Mr. Burns returned on board the Canduke; the cargo-sale was on deck.

"You have been a plaguy long time," he observed.

"Can't help it, your honor," replied the old man, touching his cap; "the young gentleman was so curious. No end to his questions about the sea, England, and Aaron pencil, and many things."

The commander turned upon his heel, and walked towards the fore.

"All right," whispered the speaker to Jack, as he passed him; "you have a true friend. Not a word on the subject is on deck."

The poor fellow felt his eyes fill with tears at the thought that a being was still to be found in the world who felt interested in his fate. He expressed his gratitude, however, by pressing his friend's hand, and then he, too, walked forward.

Richard felt that it was a mistake back he had undertaken; but it was also a duty, and from that he never shrank. Jack had shown both his skill and his utter kindness and sympathy; and he resolved to serve him, to give him an opportunity of redeeming himself if possible. When he recollected the many good qualities of the poor friendless lad, he trusted the principles of evil were not so deeply ingrafted in him that neither advice nor example would eradicate them.

"I will do my best," he thought; "Providence must direct the rest."

Amongst the servants when Sanford had engaged for him, was a powerful, active man, who filled the office of head groom. This master had frequently been struck by his intelligence, and the willingness with which he undertook any little commission or office unconnected with his place; a conduct so different from the general run of menial servants, that he could not fail to notice it.

The name of the man was Martin.

To him, therefore, he communicated his instructions that a dinghy with the signal number should always be alongside; that the Canduke, and receive any one who might descend from the vessel.

The latter nodded with intelligence.

"The instant he is on board," he added, "run for the ghaut."

"I shall be as the sailors commands," was the reply.

"Should you be pursued?"

"They must row fast to overtake me," said the man. "The English are a wonderful nation, but they cannot compete with the dinghy-sailors of the Bonghy."

"Or attacked?"

Grant rose from his girdle the long knife which he invariably wore, and felt its point with a significant gesture.

"No bloodshed," said our hero.

"Not if it can be avoided; but I am to bring the sailor to the white's dwelling."

"You"

"He shall be there at every risk; but your servant will be prudent."

As a further precaution, a carriage was directed to be in waiting at the landing place, and not to quit the spot till the evasion should be accomplished.

Willingly would Richard have seen to the escape of his former companion himself, but prudence forbade him. It was of the utmost importance for the success of the project which had led him to India that his real name should not transpire; and to direct all suspicion of his having taken any share in the transaction, he felt that it would be best to avoid every circumstance likely to compromise his secret. Could he have seen Jack; could he have

on his guard, the affair would have worn a very different aspect.

With an anxious feeling, which he could not entirely shake off, he dressed for the dinner at Mr. Burns's.

Being only a gentleman's party, Zamora was not present.

The hour since the day he had been trepanned on board the Canduke had time lagged on heavily with Jack Meadows. He thought the sun would never set; conjured up and imagined a thousand circumstances which might interfere with his friend's going on shore, or prevent his own escape from his fearful prison. His manner was so excited as the day advanced, that Caleb and Bunce frequently whispered to him to be on his guard.

The latter also suggested a fearful source—of being once more treated like a human being—but of meeting with one whom he had always felt a partiality for—one who had treated him with kindness. The world had not wanted much upon him.

At last, just as the last rays of the setting luminary were gilding the spire of Calcutta, Captain Gall made his appearance upon deck.

"All right," said the sea-lawyer; "he has gone—shipped—stowed away, and all."

In other words, the skipper was full dressed.

Cordially shaking hands with everyone, the commander of the Canduke had noticed the flushed countenance of his victim—the air of abstraction with which he stood and regarded first the shore and then the sun. He, he was pleased to get his boat, he called his spy, Martin, to him.

"Have you noticed Jack?" he enquired.

"Yes, your honor."

"Keep an eye upon him."

"Ay, ay, your honor."

"And upon the boats," added the captain.

"Your orders shall be severed, your honor," the mate's order. I won't quit the deck till you return."

"And should he attempt to escape—"

"He can't swim," replied the man; "so don't make yourself uneasy; and even if he did, a bullet would soon stop him."

The captain nodded approvingly, and the boat went off—three stout and well-armed rullers to mingle in society, sit at an honorable man's board, exchange the compliments of the day with him, but they suspected a tube part of the cruelty of his nature—the spirit of vindictive outrage he had permitted—would have shrunk from contact with him as from pollution.

Whatever the defects and immoralities of European society may be in Calcutta, brutality to inferiors is certainly not one of them.

Bunce and Caleb had both noticed the whispered conversation between the captain and his skipper, but concerning the subject of it they had no suspicion.

The mate had received his cue," observed the old man.

Jack looked at him hopelessly.

"Don't be down-hearted," said Caleb; "we will talk him yet. You have only to keep up your nerve and your temper, and you will be right. Don't you think so, Bunce?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow," replied the old man, touched at the sight of the boy's distress. "Do you recollect the tale of the Arab and the camel?"

"No."

"Then I'll tell it you another time."

Night at last drew on, and one by one the boats of the merchant vessels returned to their repose for the river. All anxious in the Hooghly are as accompanied by a certain sound, a kind of little discussion; sometimes, indeed, when disappointed of a fare, a boat-man will curse his fate in bitterness; pelting them with the remains of fruit or melon rinds that encumber the deck.

Caleb, and dreaming that any assistance could be expected from any one of these, saw them approach with a sinking heart and despair. Each he well knew, possessed no means of bribing them, and without a bribe they would never leave the ghaut and remain inactive. It was the ship's boats, and they were to be there, that the spy might keep upon.

"There she is," observed Bunce, as a light shingle, with a couple of rowers, and Zenob holding a lamp at the stern, came directly under the bows of the Canduke.

How the heart of Jack beat; and he mentally addressed the boat. And what a boat it was to him!

"God bless you," whispered Caleb, wringing his hand; "I shall often think of you."

"And I of you," replied the persecuted lad; "and of dear, kind Bunce. But for your goodness, I should long ere this have found a resting-place in the deep. I shall never forget it. You no recollect heart is grateful, very grateful."

"Of course we are," added the old seaman. "I always said it was in the right place. I shall live upon that remark."

"And if ever you meet the skipper," added Jack's friend, "remember me."

The momentary bright flash of the victim's dark eye indicated that all spirit had not deserted him—a beam of his old courage remained.

"What are you three whispering about there?" demanded Martin, from the lodgment in the stern.

Jack began to discard, his companions shrinking back with a sigh of regret.

"What do you mean by you three?" replied Bunce.

"You and the two 'prentices."

"Two 'prentices!" he repeated.

"I say there are two."

"And if there are a dozen," observed the sea-lawyer, "what is that to you? How dare you make like to know, have you been in command of the Canduke?"

The spy, who was a powerful fellow, advanced with the intention of seizing the speaker; but the movement was of consequence for the fugitive's escape, encountered him half way. The struggle was a short one, in which process Martin got so excited by the reproaches of the old gunman and the jeers of the crew, that he forgot for a while his charge that had been given him.

The moment must have terminated in a fight but for the interference of the first mate, who interposed his authority.

"I don't want to fight him," exclaimed the old man, satisfied of having carried his point, and that, in the confusion, Jack would escape; "I only say that I won't be bullied by him; he ain't no ship's officer."

"No more he isn't!" shouted the crew, who generally disliked Martin.

"Where is Jack?" roared the latter.

The name was called again, but no one answered.

"Cut and run," exclaimed the spy; "you'll hear what the captain says."

"More likely murdered and thrown overboard," observed the sea-lawyer, bluntly. "We all know how the skipper has treated him."

"And who aided him?" added several.

Martin rushed to the part of the deck where the three conspirators, as he termed them, had been standing. There was no appearance of Jack; but on the gunwale, the affair would have worn a very different aspect.

With an anxious feeling, which he could not entirely shake off, he dressed for the dinner at Mr. Burns's.

Being only a gentleman's party, Zamora was not present.

The hour since the day he had been trepanned on board the Canduke had time lagged on heavily with Jack Meadows. He thought the sun would never set; conjured up and imagined a thousand circumstances which might interfere with his friend's going on shore, or prevent his own escape from his fearful prison. His manner was so excited as the day advanced, that Caleb and Bunce frequently whispered to him to be on his guard.

The latter also suggested a fearful source—of being once more treated like a human being—but of meeting with one whom he had always felt a partiality for—one who had treated him with kindness. The world had not wanted much upon him.

At last, just as the last rays of the setting luminary were gilding the spire of Calcutta, Captain Gall made his appearance upon deck.

"All right," said the sea-lawyer; "he has gone—shipped—stowed away, and all."

In other words, the skipper was full dressed.

Cordially shaking hands with everyone, the commander of the Canduke had noticed the flushed countenance of his victim—the air of abstraction with which he stood and regarded first the shore and then the sun. He, he was pleased to get his boat, he called his spy, Martin, to him.

"Have you noticed Jack?" he enquired.

"Yes, your honor."

"Keep an eye upon him."

"Ay, ay, your honor."

"And upon the boats," added the captain.

"Your orders shall be severed, your honor," the mate's order. I won't quit the deck till you return."

"And should he attempt to escape—"

"He can't swim," replied the man; "so don't make yourself uneasy; and even if he did, a bullet would soon stop him."

The captain nodded approvingly, and the boat went off—three stout and well-armed rullers to mingle in society, sit at an honorable man's board, exchange the compliments of the day with him, but they suspected a tube part of the cruelty of his nature—the spirit of vindictive outrage he had permitted—would have shrunk from contact with him as from pollution.

Whatever the defects and immoralities of European society may be in Calcutta, brutality to inferiors is certainly not one of them.

Bunce and Caleb had both noticed the whispered conversation between the captain and his skipper, but concerning the subject of it they had no suspicion.

The mate had received his cue," observed the old man.

Jack looked at him hopelessly.

"Don't be down-hearted," said Caleb; "we will talk him yet. You have only to keep up your nerve and your temper, and you will be right. Don't you think so, Bunce?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow," replied the old man, touched at the sight of the boy's distress. "Do you recollect the tale of the Arab and the camel?"

"No."

"Then I'll tell it you another time."

The sailors, or rather advice, to keep up his courage was a necessary one; for the poor fellow's mind ill-usage had so broken the once daring spirit of Jack Meadows, that few could have recognised him as the same person. He was bravery personified when on the bridge from the coarse violence of her treatment.

Night at last drew on, and one by one the boats of the merchant vessels returned to their repose for the river. All anxious in the Hooghly are as accompanied by a certain sound, a kind of little discussion; sometimes, indeed, when disappointed of a fare, a boat-man will curse his fate in bitterness; pelting them with the remains of fruit or melon rinds that encumber the deck.

Caleb, and dreaming that any assistance could be expected from any one of these, saw them approach with a sinking heart and despair. Each he well knew, possessed no means of bribing them, and without a bribe they would never leave the ghaut and remain inactive. It was the ship's boats, and they were to be there, that the spy might keep upon.

"There she is," observed Bunce, as a light shingle, with a couple of rowers, and Zenob holding a lamp at the stern, came directly under the bows of the Canduke.

How the heart of Jack beat; and he mentally addressed the boat. And what a boat it was to him!

"God bless you," whispered Caleb, wringing his hand; "I shall often think of you."

"And I of you," replied the persecuted lad; "and of dear, kind Bunce. But for your goodness, I should long ere this have found a resting-place in the deep. I shall never forget it. You no recollect heart is grateful, very grateful."

"Of course we are," added the old seaman. "I always said it was in the right place. I shall live upon that remark."

"And if ever you meet the skipper," added Jack's friend, "remember me."

The momentary bright flash of the victim's dark eye indicated that all spirit had not deserted him—a beam of his old courage remained.

"What are you three whispering about there?" demanded Martin, from the lodgment in the stern.

Jack began to discard, his companions shrinking back with a sigh of regret.

"What do you mean by you three?" replied Bunce.

"You and the two 'prentices."

"Two 'prentices!" he repeated.

"I say there are two."

"And if there are a dozen," observed the sea-lawyer, "what is that to you? How dare you make like to know, have you been in command of the Canduke?"

The spy, who was a powerful fellow, advanced with the intention of seizing the speaker; but the movement was of consequence for the fugitive's escape, encountered him half way. The struggle was a short one, in which process Martin got so excited by the reproaches of the old gunman and the jeers of the crew, that he forgot for a while his charge that had been given him.

The moment must have terminated in a fight but for the interference of the first mate, who interposed his authority.

"I don't want to fight him," exclaimed the old man, satisfied of having carried his point, and that, in the confusion, Jack would escape; "I only say that I won't be bullied by him; he ain't no ship's officer."

"No more he isn't!" shouted the crew, who generally disliked Martin.

"Where is Jack?" roared the latter.

The name was called again, but no one answered.

"Cut and run," exclaimed the spy; "you'll hear what the captain says."

"More likely murdered and thrown overboard," observed the sea-lawyer, bluntly. "We all know how the skipper has treated him."

"And who aided him?" added several.

Martin rushed to the part of the deck where the three conspirators, as he termed them, had been standing. There was no appearance of Jack; but he discovered in the distance a boat rowing rapidly towards the ghaut, and he pointed it out to the first mate.

The crazy boat, conscious that he would have to bear the brunt of the captain's wrath, at once gave up the pursuit, and, in fact, kept the oar carrying out of his instructions, got into the barge himself.

The boat of Zenob proved to be anything but an idle one. Oscar the Easterner were, they were no match for the thing-lewallas of the Hooghly, who contrived to maintain the distance between them and the fugitive.

"It is no use, sir," observed Bunce.

"I am the judge of that," replied the officer, in an angry tone; "give way, men."

The rullers exerted themselves with increased vigor, but only neared the ghaut in time to see Jack and the native rush up the steps of the landing-place, and, when they reached the top, enter a vehicle, which drove rapidly off.

"Martin," muttered the mate, in a tone of vexation.

"We know, at least, who aided him to cut and run," observed Martin.

A few chuckles from the old sailor was the only reply he condescended to make to the insinuation. Caleb had begged to post, and he knew that Captain Gall would look twice before he ventured to perpetrate such an act of brutality within reach reach of the civil authorities.

The barge rowed slowly back.

Caleb, who had remained on board, saw them mount the side of the vessel with anxious looks. And his natural forebodings were well-founded, for Jack was not of the number. There was no touch of pity in the heart of Martin to prevent him from not help keenly regretting that Providence had not raised up to have been.

Henceforth he would have to bear the brunt of the brutal fury of his master, and he had no hand to shield it with his companion in misfortune.

He made a combination of his feelings to the old sailor.

"Make your up a friend," repeated the sea-lawyer; "I'll tell you what, I don't forget his old mess mate, take my word for it."

"But I have no friends."

"His protector is not," was the reply.

"I wonder who he is!" observed the boy.

"Can't tell, but he deserves to be an admiral!" exclaimed Bunce, "for his heart is in the right place. Where's Jack now, my lad?"

"Do you know his name?"

"Never asked me."

"And did Jack never tell it to you?"

"I can't tell," replied the old man, with a good-natured laugh, "for I've forgotten it."

"Then I'll tell you," said the sea-lawyer.

"For the fact fixes the idea of possessing himself of the boy's confidence, and will tell him to his mercy entered the heart of the apprentice.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE MERE.

Kiss'd the fair, quiet, sunny mere,
That the cry for bread is deep?
Can here be aught of fear?
But I pity thee, and weep,
Know'st thou not the wailing wind,
How on her in wrecks it rends,
How her waves in tempests lash
Her shores, her rocks, her cliffs?
In why grieve? to why deep?
He who grieves will weep a thrice,
He who grieves will weep a thrice,
Many seasons which thrown the morrow
Many seasons which thrown the morrow
Into slumbering dull its sorrow.

ESCAPE OF THE SEA-HOUND.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

The recent escape of the Admiral from the French authorities at Marseilles, has brought to my mind an adventure of a similar character which one of our own naval officers met with in the same city once, and which may be worth relating.

The officer was Lieutenant Stephen Decatur of the famous Sea-Hound. She was a new vessel, built in this city, and was commanded by Decatur, who voyage he made in her was to Havana, and the barque ran off some two hundred miles to sea to escape a storm. Before under the mere circumstances Proctor knew that the command had been given to Decatur, and that the latter had his judgment in steamship, and he was very careful not to overdo his duties. Captain Proctor had also made the acquaintance of Decatur, and the latter, who

MY THOUGHTS ARE OUT A HUNTING.

BY ALOUETA HERBERT.

My thoughts are out a hunting,
And where do you think they fly,
In search of a band of racing hounds
And a lonely hunting cry;
A yearning for fun of a sweeter speech,
For realms of a rarer grace,
For clasping hands of more tender touch
Than any that here have place.
Then my thoughts are out a hunting,
With a pale full moon,
And a chase that leads to the northern hills
My thoughts a hunting fly.

A FATHER'S FORETHOUGHT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Some miles from the village, in a small, neat cottage, lived Walter Burnell and his daughter. He was well on to old age, and somewhat infirm; somewhat reserved in his manners; but cheerful and friendly; and respected by all who knew him. The daughter, whose name was Ada, was twenty years of age; mild and gentle in all her deportment; and so lovely as she was good and true. Her affection for her father was a compound of reverence and love and respect, and was such a sweet act that could conduce to his comfort or happiness. She read to him, and sang to him, when her work was done; and she traveled often stepped before she did not when her sweet warblings trembled upon the air.

The people in the village all joined in the opinion that there was something strange about Walter Burnell. He had moved into the town ten years before, and by most of the old men of ripe years of age—and purchased the little farm and cottage which he had ever since resided. Whence he came no one knew. For the first few years he had not only been very reserved, but he seemed out of spirits most of the time, and of more workmanship. But beyond these he was not communicative; and he was generally enjoyed by the poor people in his neighborhood. With the assistance of a hired man, who lived with him, he raised enough from the farm to support himself and child. He practiced a rigid economy, however, and was obliged to exercise that contrivance in making "both ends meet."

Some of the more curious of the townspeople had tried to pry into the old man's secret, but they had not succeeded. He was never abrupt or harsh in replying to questions which were aimed for this purpose, but he had a very quiet way of making his inquisitors feel that they were meddling with that which did not concern them. If such persons were, in their disappointment, ever inclined to cherish any ill-will, the uniform kindness and generosity of the gentleman in all other and proper cases eventually won them over to good feeling.

Mr. Burnell's chief aim to those who were intimate with him seemed to be to improve the mind of his child; and in this he did not do this at the expense of her bodily health. She not only performed all the duties of housekeeper, but she worked in her garden, and sent many a pound of golden butter to market from her own hands. And still she found plenty of time for reading, and for exercise; and she felt sure that in a little while she should have a piano. She had never had her father refuse her anything when she would urge him tenderly and gently; and she knew that when she advanced such ideas: but he never said no right away.

With all Ada's beauty and accomplishments she was not exempt from suitors. Many a young man upon her own level in worthy affairs dared not approach one so far above them in mental attainments; while the few who considered themselves wealthy were looking after golden matches. There was one exception, however, to the latter rule. George Wilton was the son of a widow, residing in the village, who possessed property to the unselfishness than in the place; or, at least, the property inherited by himself and mother was considered more valuable than any other estate in town. His property had been the result of his own actions, and what had been his farm sixty years before, was now a thrifty, well-kept, most of the income of value having gone into the hands of George's father, who had been dead eight years. The young man was educated from college, and entered the profession of the law; and his known morality and strict integrity put a new face upon him held upon the confidence of his townsmen, among whom he came to live and do business.

George had seen Ada in the church, and had observed her beauty and had hoped that, when he got a wife, he might get one who would be just as well. While investigating a case for one of his clients he had occasion to call at the farm which he did not possess. Some one told him that Walter Burnell might be found in his library, and thither the young lawyer went. He found the old man at home, and when he had made known his errand he was conducted to the library. Mr. Burnell called it his library, and in fact, it was; though it was reserved him for a sitting-room, and, in the winter, for an eating-room. George not only found the work which he came for, but he found likewise quite a rare collection of valuable works which he did not possess before, and he had a long interview with the owner.

Mr. Burnell knew his visitor's character, and when the young man intimated that he should be benefitted by access to such a library, the old gentleman told him the books were at his service, and that he might call at his leisure, or consult them there, at pleasure.

And this commenced an intimacy which was to lead to important results. The young lawyer soon found that he had made a valuable acquaintance. Mr. Burnell was a man of much information; upon important topics of general interest, but he gave him no valuable hints touching law and philosophy. And, on the other hand, the old man liked the young man well. He found him to be a young man of sterling merit, and one who could not help but be respected and old to honorably; and he took much pleasure in conversing with him.

Of course it was natural that Ada should sometimes be present, and engage in the conversation. George had lingered near the out to hear her sweet notes in song; he had stood entranced as the harpstrings sent forth their superb harmony beneath her magic touch—like he had done before he had spoken with her. A few evenings came in her company, and his heart was overpowered, and gone from him. He loved the beautiful girl with the whole ardor of his generous soul, and our long he had the happiness of knowing that his love was returned. He asked the father if he might offer his hand to Ada, and the old man told him, yes.

For a few months a happy trio met in the library. Each day George found new beauties in the mind and disposition of his beloved; and Ada became wholly devoted to him.

One evening George did not come, as had been expected, and on the following morning Mr. Burnell received a note, addressed to him to call at the young lawyer's office. The old man soon had found George looking pale and unhappy.

"Sit down, my son," he said, as Mr. Burnell anxiously inquired what was the matter. "Sit down, and I will tell you all as soon as I can as calmly as possible. I must speak to the point, for I cannot bear to break upon the theme that occupies my thoughts."

The visitor took a seat, and George continued, in a sad, agonized tone—

"You have supposed that I was wealthy; and so have I supposed until within eight-and-forty hours. Before my father died he went into an extensive speculation in Western land. He was one of the directors of a company that loaned a large sum of money, and all his property was given as pledge. I have always supposed that our possessions in the West were valuable; but it now turns out that they are not only worthless, but that all the property which my father owned here is involved. I know that the Western scheme had failed some time ago, but it was only yesterday that I saw the document which misled me that I knew anything about it. All my property here—"

"But is there not enough left to live?" asked the old man. "Have you not been wronged by the false pledge?"

"I know there has been wrong done," returned George; "but did the property belong to my father? Here are the papers. Will you not examine them?"

The young lawyer produced a large pile of documents, and Mr. Burnell began to look over them. He shook his head when he had done, and handed them back.

"You are right. These mortgages are all signed by your mother, and everything must go.

"Sold, pursued the old man, "what of that? You have youth, health, strength, and many friends. The world is before you."

"Alas!" groaned George, "I have not yet told you of the deepest blow. My mother——"

"Is she not well?" asked the old man, quickly.

"Well, sir," continued the lawyer, "my mother has not been married to Ada!—How to express myself before you—She is wealthy in her own right, and has always been averse to review prejudices that I should marry a poor man. Consequently she had been a darling project of hers that I should wed with a person of an adequate fortune, and thus enhance to be wealthy. Once I persuaded her that Ada was worthy of my love, and that she had dropped the scheme. But now she has brought it up again, and has declared that, since I am so old, her that Ada was possessed of no property, she would never forgive me marrying with her."

"Well," said the old man, with deliberateness, "what do you intend to do under these circumstances?"

"Oh—my soul! I know not what to do. And yet—I have promised Ada to-day that I will not flee in weak; I know she is mistaken in her estimate of my character, but I will not be the cause for she cause of scrimonious stock; and I know that her counsel I like. But I will not do it at the expense of her bodily health. She not only performed all the duties of housekeeper, but she worked in her garden, and sent many a pound of golden butter to market from her own hands. And still she found plenty of time for reading, and for exercise; and she felt sure that in a little while she should have a piano. She had never had her father refuse her anything when she would urge him tenderly and gently; and she knew that when she advanced such ideas: but he never said no right away.

With all Ada's beauty and accomplishments she was not exempt from suitors. Many a young man upon her own level in worthy affairs dared not approach one so far above them in mental attainments; while the few who considered themselves wealthy were looking after golden matches. There was one exception, however, to the latter rule. George Wilton was the son of a widow, residing in the village, who possessed property to the unselfishness than in the place; or, at least, the property inherited by himself and mother was considered more valuable than any other estate in town. His property had been the result of his own actions, and what had been his farm sixty years before, was now a thrifty, well-kept, most of the income of value having gone into the hands of George's father, who had been dead eight years. The young man was educated from college, and entered the profession of the law; and his known morality and strict integrity put a new face upon him held upon the confidence of his townsmen, among whom he came to live and do business.

George had seen Ada in the church, and had observed her beauty and had hoped that, when he got a wife, he might get one who would be just as well. While investigating a case for one of his clients he had occasion to call at the farm which he did not possess. Some one told him that Walter Burnell might be found in his library, and thither the young lawyer went. He found the old man at home, and when he had made known his errand he was conducted to the library. Mr. Burnell called it his library, and in fact, it was; though it was reserved him for a sitting-room, and, in the winter, for an eating-room. George not only found the work which he came for, but he found likewise quite a rare collection of valuable works which he did not possess before, and he had a long interview with the owner.

Mr. Burnell knew his visitor's character, and when the young man intimated that he should be benefitted by access to such a library, the old gentleman told him the books were at his service, and that he might call at his leisure, or consult them there, at pleasure.

And this commenced an intimacy which was to lead to important results. The young lawyer soon found that he had made a valuable acquaintance. Mr. Burnell was a man of much information; upon important topics of general interest, but he gave him no valuable hints touching law and philosophy. And, on the other hand, the old man liked the young man well. He found him to be a young man of sterling merit, and one who could not help but be respected and old honorably; and he took much pleasure in conversing with him.

Of course it was natural that Ada should sometimes be present, and engage in the conversation. George had lingered near the out to hear her sweet notes in song; he had stood entranced as the harpstrings sent forth their superb harmony beneath her magic touch—like he had done before he had spoken with her. A few evenings came in her company, and his heart was overpowered, and gone from him. He loved the beautiful girl with the whole ardor of his generous soul, and our long after this. There was a charm in his language, and in the freshness and purity of his thoughts, that overcame all her reserve, and she found herself really enjoying his company. She could detect the temptation. George saw how the ice was being broken in his behalf, and he began to draw Ada out. At first the subjects was familiar and reserved, but gradually an interest animated, and Mrs. Wilton showed, by her coy looks that she was more than pleased by her speech and manner.

"And now," said the old man after they had become familiar with each other, "you have told me your business affair, and you have told me the secret of my life; and this seemed to have knitted up in my own bosom. Even my child has no suspicion of Mrs. Wilton," he continued, addressing the lawyer, "I am led to this by the relations which have grown up between our children. Ada's son has asked me for the hand of my child, and I have not refused him. I only asked of him that your consent should go with mine. But before this matter goes further, I must tell you the whole truth.

"In my youth I was left with an immense fortune. I squandered it all in dissipation. I lived, I grew it up, and entered into extensive business. In all this I was successful; but I was not happy. I moved, and purchased a home commensurate with my property. I lived still, and lived wisely. She was true and faithful, but her estimation failed some time ago, but it was only yesterday that I saw the document which misled me that I knew anything about it. Consequently—"

"But is there not enough left to live?" asked the old man. "Have you not been wronged by the false pledge?"

"I know there has been wrong done," returned George; "but did the property belong to my father? Here are the papers. Will you not examine them?"

The young lawyer produced a large pile of documents, and Mr. Burnell began to look over them. He shook his head when he had done, and handed them back.

"You are right. These mortgages are all signed by your mother, and everything must go.

"Sold, pursued the old man, "what of that? You have youth, health, strength, and many friends. The world is before you."

"Alas!" groaned George, "I have not yet told you of the deepest blow. My mother——"

"Is she not well?" asked the old man, quickly.

"Well, sir," continued the lawyer, "my mother has not been married to Ada!—How to express myself before you—She is wealthy in her own right, and has always been averse to review prejudices that I should marry a poor man. Consequently she had been a darling project of hers that I should wed with a person of an adequate fortune, and thus enhance to be wealthy. Once I persuaded her that Ada was worthy of my love, and that she had dropped the scheme. But now she has brought it up again, and has declared that, since I am so old,

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE STAGE-WORSHIPER.

BY ALLIE M. SETAN.

"There is a wild, strange story told of the daughter of Baron Grant, who absolutely worshiped the Apollo Belvidere."—Madame La Vaze.

God of the olden Graces!
Forgive the marvering number kneeling here,
No virtue had those who had spirit in years,
This love of beauty—for, she bends in love!

In an unsteeple temple—
Ah Sir, so old, this glorious marble form—
Oh, God of beauty! God of power and light!
Let my love's fire this splendid statue warm

Behold him as he stands,
Lovelier than any shape of breathing life;
A stone creation of a woman's hands,
A silent thing with maddening beauties rife.

The blessed him ye and stay,
I've worshiped him with love with sunny flowers,
Yet hush his electric loveliness
Through all the rain night's long, lone, voiceless hours.

Pardoner my love is this—
The dew of Thee repents to still, unconsoled fire,
Or send the gift of life to glow within
This my bosom—grant my one desire.

The will—my prayer is vain—
The evidence of his breast chills beyond my own—
Stoned—turned to ashes are my hands and brain—
I die—with worship for a thing of stone.

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

Travelers in the East are apt to deal in the marvelous, and their accounts of the elephant and everything else must be received with caution. Sensible of the high estimation in which the understanding of elephants is held, they scruple not to invent numerous fables for the amusement of their wondering audiences, who eagerly devour them.

A few of the many wonderful stories that are in circulation about elephants we are now about to publish for the amusement of our readers. They may, however, be relied upon with the most implicit credit.

The practice in India of ordering to submission an elephant that has been taken in a state of wildness, is by retaining it for a long time fastened to a large tree with strong ropes. The practice formerly was to starve an elephant into submission, but now it is to feed it well, and omit no inducement to render the animal gentle. A tame elephant, male or driver, supplies him with choice food, gradually habituating him to his voice and caresses, and thus easily rendering him completely familiar. Thus, in course of time, the animal will answer to the name, lie down and rise again when commanded, and even allow the mahout to put under his head, sufficiently reconciled it is unbound from the tree, and driven out to water, and is gradually made accustomed to bear a small load of grass and boughs for his own diet.

An elephant like a horse or a dog becomes more tractable by good usage than by harsh practices. And it is extremely curious that sometimes the trainers will take a complete reverse when the obstinate beast to whom it is almost from severity is mildness. Of this a proof is found in the deportment of a very fine male elephant in the possession of a gentleman at Chittagong, which he endeavored for two years in vain, to render tractable. The elephant was repeatedly offered for sale on a low price. But no one would purchase him—his character was so well known. In the commentary in that district to have the firewood which is cut into storage of about a ton or less in diameter, and perhaps five or six feet long, piled regularly; and this work is usually done by elephants, which, when properly trained, they will do as well as any laborer. The animal in question could not be induced to perform this drudgery, and all attempts to enforce his obedience having proved fruitless his master at last gave up the contest. To his utter astonishment, the elephant became suddenly good-tempered, and went of his own free will to the wood-yard, where he not only carried himself greatly, but was, in the regularity of his work, at least equal to those which had had more practice.

A gentleman bought a female elephant at the sale of a deceased person's effects, not having the least idea that she was a *homia*, or fancy elephant, which to him would not have been any recommendation, as he was not a dealer in the capture of elephants. He rolled out the money on the place of sale, and repeatedly refused handsome offers for his late purchase. In fact, many persons seemed desirous to obtain this elephant—a circumstance that he could not account for, as he was by no means of her qualifications—and all kept carefully secret upon the subject. But the secret soon leaked out, and then might come him to overrate an animal that each hoped at some time to obtain. The *mahout*, or driver, equally anxious to get out of a line replete with danger, and more willing to be in the service of a gentleman than with his employer, by the assent of both her wages and her drudgery, carefully refrain to reveal the value of the elephant to his master.

One morning *Lochmee Pareen* (as the elephant was called) was not to be found. For several days no intelligence could be obtained of the animal. In fact, she was given over as lost. It was supposed, as more likely than otherwise, that she had strayed into the neighboring jungle, and joined with the wild herds. Those no prospect remained of recovering her, either by force or search.

Conceiving their hopes were at an end, the enjoy who had offered to purchase her did not scruple to reveal that she was a *homia*, or decoy elephant. As is common on such occasions, they joined in lamenting the loss of so very valuable an animal.

However, about a week after, *Lochmee* made her appearance. She was escorted and kept in a place of safety. Shortly after this another word on sale to make a ride. He happened to proceed towards the skirts of a very heavy grass jungle in which the elephant very attempted to turn, but was so often prevented by the mahout. Both master and man now suspected that she was about to run away with, and might prove dangerous. At length *Lochmee* became quite restless, and, in defiance of all control, dashed into the jungle, nor did she stop until arriving at a thick patch of timber-trees. To the utter astonishment of her horrified burden, there was a large male discovered, round whom she began the less than cloth with which *Lochmee* was ordinarily rationed during the night at her pinquets was noticed, so as to secure her prize in the most complete manner.

Now is the we cannot find anything repugnant to the general conduct of elephants, nor to that probability which is those acquainted with their nature, may be requisite to produce a belief that the story may be true. It is proper to remark that many elephants are in the habit of tying their own legs at night, and that they perform other acts which tend to display the admirable sense of feeling they possess in their trunks. The sons of the rainbow are generally much attached to their elephants, and take great pleasure in bathing the young ones, which are extremely playful, a variety of tricks, such as taking off the turbans of natives in the streets, and lifting them up to the driver as he sits on their neck; throwing stones or clods of earth, which many do with great precision; picking up money, and, indeed, ever discriminating between copper and silver.

A gentleman who has written an account of India, says that he had once a *shaukal* (a young female elephant of about six feet high, quite a "pickle"—up to all kinds of tricks, in which she appeared to take great delight. Once, however, her pranks caused much trouble. His members from the Dacca to Dinapore, she exercised her talents during the night, and not only untied her own ropes, but liberated several other elephants that were in the camp, some

of them rather wild, and when the corps was to march in the morning, the tents were delayed for some hours, while a person were sent to catch the elephants which were found some distance in front of the encampment.

Hephaus may, in the days of old Rome, have been a favorite elephant in the ring, but when was an elephant ever known to skip on a rope over the heads of the people, or to perform a dance before a fair? Or fifty feet aloft in the air, as was done in the days of our grandfathers by Madame Saqui? Such performances, to say nothing of the danger, would be disgusting to the last degree!

Among the numerous interesting anecdotes of the elephant, we may narrate the following :—

In the neighborhood of Paris, a poor fruit streets put his trunk into a baker's shop where several loaves were exposed for sale, and having got hold of it with his sensible; the animal passed on, then his mouth was filled with the bread, which he readily water, returned to the shop, and spurted every drop among the people who had offended him in the manner.

A soldier refused to give the real to an elephant and his mahout, at which the elephant was highly offended. Some days after, meeting the soldier in the absence of a view, at a time when he had not his keeper with him, he seized him with his trunk, dashed him several times in the water, and let him go; he then walked off, seemingly much pleased with his revenge, in which he had been retaliated the affront he had received.

Elephants, though they never fail to retaliate for an affront, are remarkably mild and gentle in their disposition.

They have carried their attachment to their keeper to a very strong. They seem to live but to serve and oblige him, and will frequently risk their existence to their gratitude by fulfilling all his desires, and screening him with affectionate solicitude. To crive his commands with attention, and execute them with punctuality and zeal.

Elephants live to a great age. Some authors have asserted that an elephant lives four or five hundred years. This is probably an exaggeration, but to seldom lives above a hundred, or a hundred and twenty.

The elephant's natural attachment to their keeper is very strong. They seem to live but to serve and oblige him, and will frequently risk their existence to gratify